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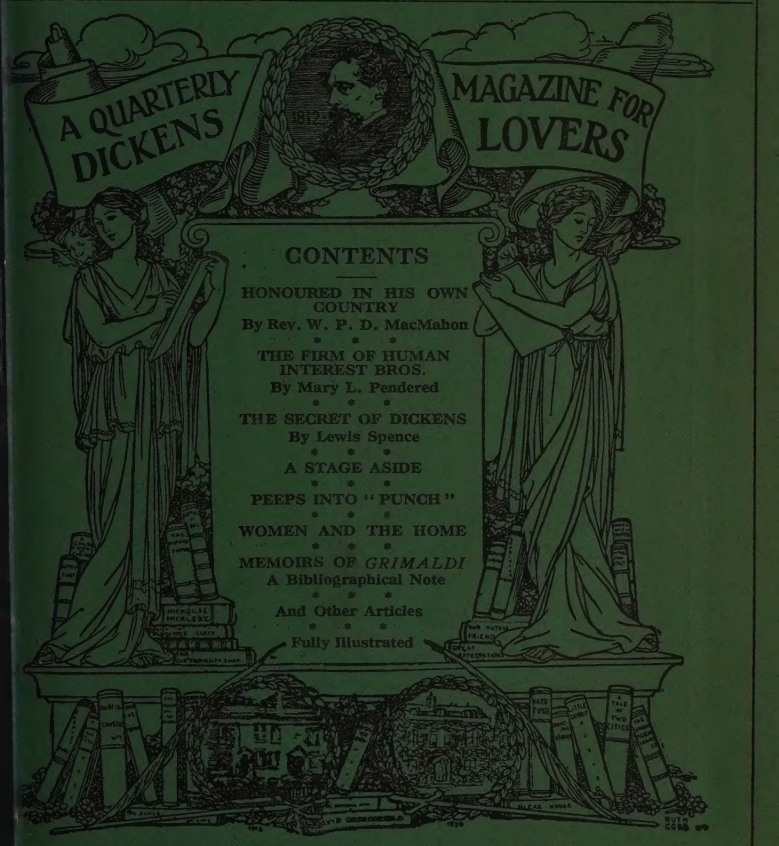

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Fully Illustrated

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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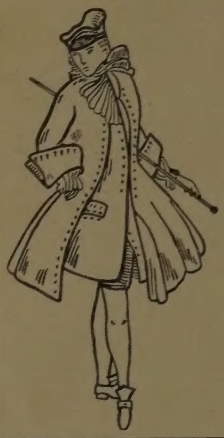

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AUTUMN
VOL. XXXIII. 1937 No. 244

Drawn by [*Ruth Whittaker*

Nonesuch. His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent has again shown his keen interest in Dickens by purchasing a set of "The Nonesuch Dickens," now in course of publication.

* * * * *

Our New President. The Right Hon. Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England, is the President of The Dickens Fellowship for the ensuing two years.

* * * * *

Sir Gerald Dickens, K.C.V.O. We congratulate Vice-Admiral Gerald Charles Dickens, second son of the late Sir Henry Dickens, on the honour conferred upon him by His Majesty the King at the Naval Review in May last; the news arrived too late to be included in our June number.

* * * * *

London's Literary Houses. The attractive leaflet issued by The Dickens House Trustees in conjunction with the trustees of the houses of Johnson and Keats, has been well distributed and has already proved effective. A word of thanks must be given to Mr. J. D. Billington for London distribution, to Mr. Arthur Elliot Sproul for publicity in the New York press, and to Mr. Craddock, of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son of New York, for distribution.

* * * * *

Blaming Dickens. The close of the year of the Centenary of *Pickwick* witnessed an extraordinary case in the American courts. A young wife obtained annulment of her marriage on the ground that her husband had forced her, within two days of their

marriage, to sit with him in a darkened room and read " A Madman' Manuscript." " It'll frizzle anybody's hair," said the lady's lawyer t the Judge. The case was extensively reported in the press of bot countries, and many new readers were doubtless introduced to *Th Pickwick Papers* for the first time, under the impression it was " thriller."

* * * * *

Dickens House Repairs. An appeal was made at the Portsmouth Conferenc for contributions towards repairs and redecoration o the Dickens House, which will cost from £200 to £250 which immediately met with most generous response Sixteen branches at once promised £80 between them and a furthe £100 was quickly subscribed by members of Headquarters. Th list of subscribers and full accounts will be given in the Decembe number.

* * * * *

Vandals. Just at the time when we were appealing for fund to renovate and decorate The Dickens House, we were very much amused to receive a request from a young Americar University student " for a small piece of the home of Charles Dickens as I have a hobby of collecting pieces of famous homes." How muc of any famous home would be left if any attention were paid to such young vandals ?

* * * * *

" Every Man in His Humour." It is interesting to note that this play, in which Dickens acted many times for charity, has been selected for performance at Stratford-on-Avon in honour of th Jonson Tercentenary. Two performances have bee given during August, and two more are due for September 1st and 18th

* * * * *

The Late Mr. T. C. Cooper. We regret to record the passing, in May last, in hi seventy-fifth year, of Mr. T. P. Cooper, a valued con tributor to *The Dickensian*. Mr. Cooper's researche into the Yorkshire associations of Dickens, which he consolidated int his well-known book, " With Dickens in Yorkshire," represents th final word on the engrossing subject of Dotheboys Hall.

* * * * *

Mr. Frank Staff. The Dickens Fellowship has conferred a well-deserve honour on Mr. Frank Staff in making him an Honorar Member. Mr. Staff joined the Dickens Fellowshi within a few months of its inception and served on the Council fo nearly twenty-five years. During the whole term of the Committe of Management he formed one of the four permanent members, an has rendered signal service to the Fellowship in its many dramati productions, and in arranging its entertainment items. A few month ago Mr. Staff was appointed Secretary of " The Magic Circle," on th Council of which he has been a prominent member for many years.

WALTER DEXTER.

HONOURED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY*

By Rev. W. P. D. MacMahon, L.Ph., B.D.

[T is strangely and wonderfully fitting that this dear old grey city of Portsmouth should have been chosen to be the birthplace of an mmortal. London may have nurtured him, America glimpsed him, adshill seen the last of the mortal part of him, but Portsmouth nothered him and gave him to the world, and Portsmouth—make o mistake about it—knows her privilege and is infinitely and fiercely ealous of the honour. And let us admit at once that in choosing ortsmouth as his mother, Dickens gave no mean or uncertain proof f wisdom and of insight, for centuries ago she had given birth to and hrough countless changes of time and progress, of war, upheaval and eace, had nourished and brought up that deathless child of hers, the mmortal Spirit of the British Navy. No ! other places may have heir claims upon him, their cherished associations with him, but ortsmouth knows him for bone of her bone, her very own.

I hold myself second to none in love and devotion to our common naster. I have read him, marked, learned and inwardly digested im, and I believe that he has done me good, and will do me good ; nd I say " God bless him." It is not to literary experts, not to epositories of Dickens lore, that my remarks are addressed, but to rdent fellow-worshippers at the master's shrine, united in the belief hat what he stood for, what with creative genius he gave to the orld, was something in the world yet not of the world, something ld and yet ever new ; timeless, ageless and immortal.

As we read the pages of Dickens we are conscious that, as the char- cters move and speak and react to the circumstances in which their uthor placed them, they are not mere puppets dependent for their neaning, their raison d'être, upon the accidental and localised scenery vith which they are associated only to disappear when the curtain alls or the " black-out " comes, but they seem possessed of a mysterious letachment from the scene, ever ready to shed their period costumes, heir somewhat unfamiliar speech, and to adopt different language, ollow dame fashion in their clothes, and to act their parts as truthfully nd as naturally in the modern scene. Are we not familiar on our wentieth-century pavements with Mr. Dombey as he walks along rect, solemn and frigid, and do we not instinctively step aside to let im pass, while there in the road is Mr. Carker passing slowly and leferentially along in his sleek and well-burnished car ? Do we not ver and over again meet Anthony Chuzzlewit piling up money for imself and his son and a curse for both of them along with it—are ve not irritated by Mrs. Gummidge buttonholed by Pecksniffs, snubbed nd over-rawed by Betsey Trotwoods and watched round corners y 'umble, but diabolically observant Uriah Heeps ? These and all ther members of the exuberantly varied company of the Dickens tage are homeric, mythological, immortal. They live and laugh,

* Speech, proposing " The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," delivered at the Banquet at the Portsmouth Conference on May 15, 1937.

strive, suffer, and hate as really and as vividly to-day as they ever did and that is because they make appeal irresistibly and with startling reality to those basic emotions that time cannot change nor circumstances alter and which are the heritage of our common humanity. But Dickens, artist of infinite pains and minutest observation, was no mere recorder; he was the *creator* of his characters, and, as such, he endowed them with his own life. As we read we feel that he is identifying himself with them, living through the whole gamut of emotional experience and reaction, from Fagin to Micawber, from Little Nell to Sam Weller; and that if *they* are immortal, how much more so must be the Master Soul that gave them life!

II.

So far, I have tried to do what I set out to do—not contributing anything new, illuminating or original but speaking from my heart, hoping that I have carried you with me in the expression of sentiments common to us all. Encouraged by the spirit of friendly tolerance and goodwill that you have shown me thus far, I am going to risk the commission of an indiscretion in venturing to attack the critics, not so much with weapons of my own forging, but by endeavouring to turn their weapons back upon themselves. I want to show with all the force of inward conviction that in decrying Dickens they have only succeeded in decrying themselves, and in establishing more firmly than before the things they set out to destroy.

Dickens has been accused, among other things, of being over emotional, melodramatic, and given to exaggeration; three things that seem to the solemn, serious-minded critics to do away with a great deal of the enduring value of Dickens's characters and situations and to make them into caricatures to be given a passing and somewhat condescending recognition, but as on the whole untrue to life as they, the critics, know it. But I feel somehow that life as Dickens knew it and described it is so much more the real thing, that the critics succeed only in proving how much of life they themselves have missed. For the fault of the modern conception of life is not that it is over emotional but that it is not half emotional enough. There is a tendency to-day towards the repression of the natural emotions of the human heart, as if in some mysterious and undefined way they were vulgar and unhealthy. Some satirical writer has described modern religion as morality touched with emotion (and that is just about what it is)—so too the Dickens critics would have it that life should be behaviour touched with emotion. But a "touch" of emotion is not the kind of thing to turn the world upside down—whether it be expressed in terms of religion or of life in the broadest sense. The whole dynamic of life is bound up with the emotions; and both in adding a strong ingredient of sentiment to the mental make-up of his characters and in appealing to similar sentiment in his readers through the medium of his situations Dickens is true to life in the most real sense of the word. And is not all real life essentially melodramatic—if we could only see it? Life never has submitted and never will submit to be

divided into the dramatic and the dull, for both of these are of their very nature extraordinary things; and life, ordinary every day human life, real life as Dickens saw it, is rarely dramatic and never really dull; yet there is melodrama in plenty for even the dullest of persons and situations. But it takes a Dickens to see this, and still more to impart to it the power of infection. If exaggeration means the adding of frills and furbelows that make a story in fact untrue, then I deny emphatically that Dickens exaggerates; if it be taken in its true sense of emphasis, of setting out in bold relief certain aspects of a character or a situation, even at the cost sometimes of true perspective, then I will admit exaggeration in Dickens; and if he depicted the bad school, the bad parochial system, the bad debtor's prison to be much jollier, much more exciting than they really were, let us be grateful for the exaggeration; for it was a very powerful factor in the sweeping out of existence the badness of those very things. Let us thank God for Charles Dickens and his sentiment, his melodrama and his exaggeration and for his critics who have drawn our attention to them, and have thereby so failed to harm him, that they have shown us truths and beauties and depths in him that we might otherwise have missed. Thank God for his boisterous fun, his cheery optimism, his love of firesides and food and happy gatherings; for his gallery of black and unredeemable villains and lost characters, which serve only to make his lovely simple people lovelier and more simple still. Thank God for his sympathy—which knew almost no bounds—with the affections of the hearth and home—tender, playful, natural. Thank God for his vivid descriptions of the simple joys of simple people. How his heart would have rejoiced at the sight at this time of National rejoicing, of the miles of bedecked streets, especially those belonging to the working classes—at the teas and the dances and the celebrations in the back streets of our towns. His spirit surely is among them; for well he knew that simple people love parties, and he knew how tremendously the Kenwigs and the Cratchits enjoyed their parties. Dickens wrote entirely of the poor and middle classes of his age; but the life and the spirit of which he wrote transcends all class distinctions—and what heart-stirring evidence of this is given us in the simple family life of our beloved King and Queen, and in the conception of this great Empire as a family of which the Sovereign is in very truth the father.

The world still needs Dickens and it devolves upon us who know him and who love him to spread his spirit far and wide in the interests dearest to his heart: those of universal brotherhood and peace. If Dickens is immortal it is because he is so profoundly and fundamentally Christian; and as we stand reverently and in silence to honour him, let us resolve, inspired by his spirit, to work for his cause.

THE SHAKESPEARE-DICKENS CONVERSATION

Miss Pendered asks us to correct an error in her quotation of Dickens's words to the Baroness Burdett Coutts on page 223 of the last number. In the last line but one the word "quiet" should be substituted for "grief," the correct quotation being "for public quiet is my bread."

" BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY "

BY WALTER DEXTER

I.

IN November, 1836, a well-known publisher, Richard Bentley (with whom Dickens had, a few months earlier, signed an agreement for the publication of a novel in three volumes), " having projected a monthly publication under the title of ' The Wit's Miscellany,' to consist of articles of a humorous nature from the pens of eminent writers," engaged Dickens to be Editor, and the agreement (printed in full in *The Dickensian*, 1935, page 246) was dated 4th November, 1836.

Two days later the following advertisement appeared in " The Atlas " : " On the 1st January will appear, to be continued monthly, price 2/6, The Wit's Miscellany, edited by Boz." Richard Bentley is given as the publisher. The next week the same paper announced that Henry Colburn would issue, also on the 1st January, " The Humourist, a new comic periodical." The editor's name was given as Theodore Hook.

Whether or not it was that these two publishers feared the competition of two humorous periodicals running at the same time, I have not been able to ascertain, but curiously enough in the issue of " The Atlas " and other papers of only a month later (December 4th) the name of " The Wit's Miscellany " gives place to " Bentley's Miscellany," and " The Humourist " is announced as incorporated in " The New Monthly Magazine " to commence on January 1st, 1836.*

Contemporaneously with these advertisements, Macrone was advertising a new monthly publication edited by Harrison Ainsworth, also to be ready on the 1st January, entitled " The Lions of London." Dickens was to contribute very largely to this ; in fact to have been part author with Ainsworth, although Forster does not mention this fact. But the project fell through, and " The Lions of London " did not appear on the date advertised, or at all.

" The Morning Chronicle " for 5th January, 1837, advertised " Bentley's Miscellany, Boz's New Comic Periodical Work illustrated by George Cruikshank. Now Ready. No. 1," with the note that " Besides *The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble* by ' Boz,' No. 1 contains no less than, etc., etc."

The day previously, the following notice of the new magazine had appeared in the same paper.

> " BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.—This is the right sort of companion for old January. It is full of fun and revelry, and its merry humour sets the blood spinning with healthy alertness that defies even the present stubborn cold weather. And no wonder, when

* It was the advent of this magazine which later caused Forster and others to refer to " The Monthly Magazine " in which Dickens's first piece of fiction had appeared, under the title " The Old Monthly Magazine," which many later commentators have perpetuated; but " The Monthly Magazine " never had any other title than this.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

EDITED
BY
BOZ.
&
ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

No.
I.
JANUARY 2, 1837.

RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET;
BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH;
AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

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we think of the club of choice spirits who, to use the old tobacconist's legend 'Are united in one cause.' 'Boz' is the President; and seated around the table, we find Theodore Hook, Fenimore Cooper (author of 'The Pilot'), Father Prout, Doctor Maginn, Samuel Lover, Haynes Bayly, and the celebrated authors of 'Headlong Hall,' 'Stories of Waterloo,' 'Ratlin the Reefer,' 'Hajji Baba,' etc. These are the men to make a 'Miscellany' worthy of the best days of glorious John Dryden, and his publisher honest old Jacob Tonson."

At the end of the week we find this in "The Atlas":

"A new magazine under the title of 'Bentley's Miscellany' solicits our attention. Its claims are numerous and well founded and its success, we presume, is already placed beyond doubt. First it is exceedingly well got up, well printed and well illustrated. Second it is edited by 'Boz' who is, at this moment in the zenith of his sudden reputation."

Dickens gathered round him a very good selection of contributors, and in the first volume, to June, 1837, appear such names as Theodore Hook, Harrison Ainsworth, Samuel Lover, T. Haynes Bayly, C. Whitehead, W. Jerdan, George Hogarth, "Father Prout" and J. Sheridan Knowles.

It is interesting to note that "The Jackdaw of Rheims," by Barham, first appeared in "Bentley's" under Dickens's editorship, and that the remarkable alliterative poem, "The Siege of Belgrade," commencing "An Austrian Army Awfully Arrayed," was also printed in an early number.*

Under the *nom de plume* of Goliah Gahagan, Thackeray contributed a sketch to the September 1837 number. It was entitled "The Professor," and was later included in "Comic Tales and Sketches," published in 1841.

During the first six months of the "Miscellany" three portions of Samuel Lover's "Handy Andy" appeared; but further chapters were not forthcoming until after Dickens had relinquished the editorship some two years later.

Dickens was represented in the first number by *The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, once Mayor of Mudfog*. *Oliver Twist* did not commence until the second number (February 1837), and it is as well to remark here that the opening scene was laid in Mudfog. The second instalment of what later became *The Mudfog Papers* did not appear until October, 1837. This took the place of *Oliver Twist*, which did not appear this month on account of a disagreement with Bentley, and the resignation of Dickens (later withdrawn) as we explain later. The third and last instalment of *Mudfog* appeared the next year, September 1838.

II.

One of the trials of an Editor is of course the question of the originality of the contributions sent to him from people with whom he is not acquainted. Into a trap of this description Dickens fell when printing a poem "Smoke" (signed "Snodgrass") in September, 1837. It

* It had previously appeared in "The Trifler" of May 7th, 1817.

had appeared a year before in "The Brighton Guardian," and the editor of that paper, instead of adopting the proper course of communicating with Dickens, inserted the following paragraph in his paper:

> We sincerely hope that Mr. Charles Dickens will not again copy poetical effusions *verbatim et literatim* from this journal and publish them as his own original productions. That gentleman will immediately understand what we mean by this when we inform him that in the last number of "Bentley's Miscellany"—of which Boz is the editor—there appears a clever *jeu d'esprit* entitled "Smoke" which was originally published in "The Brighton Guardian" of the 7th of September 1836 and was contributed by our correspondent "L. L. A. B. B." . . . We think Mr. Dickens is using L. L. A. B. B. somewhat ill in pirating his effusion . . . we hope it will not occur again.

Of course this reached Dickens, as it was probably intended it should, and he wrote the following dignified reply. We have searched the files of "The Brighton Guardian" and we cannot find that any further reference was made to the matter.

> 48 Doughty Street,
> London. Saturday Evening [1837].
>
> Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to the Editor of "The Brighton Guardian," and begs to inform him with reference to a paragraph in his paper of Wednesday (to which a friend who accidently saw it, has called his attention) that the article entitled "Smoke" which appeared in the last Number of "Bentley's Miscellany," was forwarded to him by an anonymous correspondent who signed himself Snodgrass, as an original paper—the lines being at once announced and accepted, the swindling gentleman unknown wrote again to enquire why they were not inserted, some accidental delay having taken place in their publication. No apology is due to double L. A. double B., Mr. Dickens' only sin against him being that he was struck with the merit of his production directly he read it. It would be absurd to suppose that Mr. Dickens can be acquainted with every poetical effusion that appeared in every newspaper in England. He is not aware of anybody, however much time he may have on his hands, who is sufficiently acquainted with this most extensive department of literature to be secure from a similar imposition. Whether the Editor of "The Brighton Guardian" might have used some more delicate term than Piracy in his indignant paragraph or have done Mr. Dickens more justice by assuming in the first instance that he had been imposed upon, Mr. Dickens must leave to him with this explanation.

III.

On the conclusion of the first volume, Dickens, always anxious to get into as close touch with his readers as possible, printed an "Address" to them. As this is practically unknown, it is interesting to record it here, together with a further "Address" printed at the end of the year, when the second volume was completed, with a "Preface" dated June 1st, 1838, to accompany the third volume.

EDITOR'S ADDRESS ON THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST VOLUME

At the end of the theatrical season it is customary for the manager to step forward, and, in as few words as may be, to say how very much obliged he feels for all past favours, and how ready he is to incur fresh obligations.

With a degree of candour which few managers would display, we cheerfully confess that we have been fairly inundated with *orders* during our six months' campaign; so liberal are we, notwithstanding, that we place many of the very first authors of the day on our free list, and invite them to write for our establishment, just as much paper as they think proper.

We have produced a great variety of novelties, some of which we humbly hope may become stock pieces, and all of which we may venture to say have been most successful; and, although we are not subject to the control of a licenser, we have eschewed everything political, personal, or ill-natured, with perhaps as much care as we could possibly have shown, even had we been under the watchful eye of the Lord Chamberlain himself.

We shall open our Second Volume, ladies and gentlemen, on the first day of July, One thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, when we shall have the pleasure of submitting a great variety of entirely new pieces for your judgement and approval. The company will be numerous, first-rate and complete. The scenery will continue to be supplied by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank; the whole of the extensive and beautiful machinery will be, as heretoafter, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Samuel Bentley, of Dorset Street, Fleet Street; and Mr. Richard Bentley, of New Burlington Street, has kindly consented to preside over the Treasury department, where he has already conducted himself with uncommon ability.

The stage management will again be confided, ladies and gentlemen, to the humble individual with the short name, who has now the honour to address you, and who hopes, for very many years to come, to appear before you in the same capacity. Permit him to add in sober seriousness, that it has been the constant and unremitting endeavour of himself and the proprietor to render this undertaking worthy of your patronage. That they have not altogether failed in their attempt, its splendid success sufficiently demonstrates; that they have no intention of relaxing in their efforts, its future volumes we trust will abundantly testify.

"BOZ."

London,
June 1837.

ADDRESS.

Twelve months have elapsed since we first took the field, and every successive number of the "Miscellany" has experienced a warmer reception, and a more extensive circulation, than its predecessor.

In the opening of the new year, and the commencement of our new volume, we hope we may make changes for the better, and none for the worse; and, to show that, while we have one grateful eye to past patronage, we have another wary one to future favours; in short, that, like the heroine of the sweet poem descriptive

of the faithfulness and perjury of Mr. John Oakhum, of the Royal Navy, we look two ways at once.

It is our intention to usher in the new year with a very merry greeting, towards the accomplishment of which end we have prevailed upon a long procession of distinguished friends to mount their hobbies on the occasion, in humble imitation of those adventurous and aldermanic spirits who gallantly bestrode their foaming chargers on the memorable ninth of this present month, while

> "The stones did rattle underneath
> As if Cheapside were mad."

These, and a hundred other great designs, preparations, and surprises, are in contemplation, for the fulfilment of all of which we are already bound to two volumes cloth, and have no objection, if it be any additional security to the public, to stand bound in twenty more.

30th November, 1837. "Boz."

PREFACE.

The Third Volume of this work stands in need of very few observations from the Editor, for its success fortunately renders any remarks from him, in introduction of it, unnecessary.

He leaves it to make its entry without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, and hopes that the next ten or twenty volumes will do better still, and speak so well for themselves as to render it needless for him to say even a word in their behalf.

June 1st, 1838.*

Dickens's farewell to "Bentley's" took the form of an article entitled *A Familiar Epistle from a Parent to a Child, aged two years and two months.*

IV.

Dickens's association with "Bentley's Miscellany" was not a happy one. So early as the March following the publication of the first number, there was, as we have already seen, a fresh agreement between the publisher and editor, and yet another agreement six months later. During the year 1837, there were two occasions when Dickens ceased his active editorship of the magazine; the first was in May, due to the death of Mary Hogarth. On this occasion two notices appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany" for June, the one reading:

Since the appearance of the last number of this work the Editor has to mourn the sudden death of a very dear young relative to whom he was most affectionately attached, and whose society had been for a long time the chief solace of his labours. He has been compelled to seek a short interval of rest and quiet. The next number will be conducted by him as usual, and the adventures of *Oliver Twist* will be continued.

and the other:

Oliver Twist.—We beg to announce that the "Adventures of the

* By some unaccountable oversight, this Preface was omitted by B. W. Matz from Vol. XXXIV of the National Edition which included the other two Prefaces.

Parish Boy" under the above title, will be continued in our next "Miscellany." The melancholy domestic affliction which Mr. Dickens has just sustained, prevented the possibility of any mental exertion for the present number.

It is to be noted that Forster did not comment on the fact that the publication of BOTH *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* was suspended at this time.

In October 1837 the usual instalment of *Oliver Twist* again failed to appear; the reason for this was Dickens's resignation, with which we have already dealt fully.* Forster is silent on this matter, but correspondence which has since come to light, led to an examination of the "Miscellany" for October, and confirms the fact. We have also discovered the following notice on the cover of the October part:

> "*Oliver Twist* will be continued by Mr. Dickens in the next number of the 'Miscellany,' and after that from month to month as usual. The great length of the proceedings of the Mudfog Association prevents the insertion of the usual continuation this month."

Percy Fitzgerald commenting on this called it "an extraordinary editorial policy." We now know the real reason for this interruption.

V.

In 1880, Richard Bentley and Son collected Dickens's contributions to the "Miscellany" (other than *Oliver Twist*) and published them in one volume (with a prefatory note by George Bentley) entitled *The Mudfog Papers*, etc. These consisted of:

The Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, Once Mayor of Mudfog, which appeared in January, 1837.

Full Report of the First Meeting of the Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything, which appeared in October 1837.

Ditto of the *Second Meeting*, which appeared September 1838.

The Pantomime of Life, which appeared March 1837.

Some Particulars Concerning a Lion, which appeared May 1837.

(In the original publication these two articles were headed "Stray Chapters by 'Boz,'" Chapter 1 and Chapter 2, respectively.)

Mr. Robert Bolton the "Gentleman connected with the press," which appeared August 1838.

A Familiar Epistle, and the three Prefaces were not included in the volume.

NEW ZEALAND TO VANCOUVER

Mrs. Kenneth Gordon, of the Auckland Branch, and Mrs. W. Machin, of the Christchurch Branch, were in Vancouver on holiday in July last, and were entertained by the Branch there.

* See the article "Dickens's Agreements with Bentley" in *The Dickensian* for 1935, page 241.

THE MEMOIRS OF GRIMALDI

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

By E. H. STRANGE

UNLIKE *The Pickwick Papers*, this work was from the first printed in absolutely pristine and unworn type. This can be appreciated at once by anyone who will observe the clearness and boldness of the punctuation marks of the text. There are two well-known issues of the first edition. The first is bound in pink embossed cloth with a continuous floral pattern without borders on sides or spine. The spine has in the upper half a gilt figure of Grimaldi in a tub bearing the legend "Memoirs of Grimaldi, edited by Boz." Immediately below there is "Vol. I," or "Vol. II." The second issue, as is well known, has around the last plate of Vol. II, "The Last Song," a border of grotesque figures. (This border was removed from the plate in the one volume edition of 1846 which was bound in red cloth.) Also the known second issue has five figures embossed in gold on the spine, and five ornaments in a panel embossed on the sides.

There was, however, besides the above issues a small number of trial issue copies sent out in cloth of varied colours, with the five embossed figures in gold on the spine. The sides exhibit a conventional design of four corners and a centre worked by hand unlike those of the second issue. I have known of only four copies of this issue. One is in the Sawyer collection, one belongs to Mr. Walter T. Spencer, and one belongs to Mr. M. L. Parrish, of Philadelphia, all in dark-coloured plum cloth. The fourth is in my possession and is in a very attractive light green cloth. They are identical otherwise. In my opinion these few copies constituted the real first issue. The plates show some slight evidence of priority over the ordinary issue in pink cloth. For example, in the plate facing page 68 in Vol. I, there are very clearly shown several lines traversing the length of the broadsword in Grimaldi's hand. These fine lines were gradually lost in course of printing the first pink cloth edition. Similar differences are found in other plates.

The priority of text is shown by these typographical points. (Errors of spelling were not corrected until the one volume edition of 1846.)

Vol. I

Page 192.—Line 6. The special edition has the inverted commas at the end of line perfect, in the pink cloth issue they are uneven.

Page 204.—Last line inverted comma in "Lewis's" is perfect, in pink cloth issue it tends to be lost.

Page 232.—Last line "you" is perfect, in pink cloth issue the tail of the "y" is lost, and stayed thus in second issue.

Vol. II

Page 8.—Quad marks along left edge of printing at bottom.

Page 31.—Line 11. No quad marks before "temptation," as in pink cloth issue.

Page 42.—Line 6. No quad mark before " the " as in pink cloth issue.

Page 43.—Line 2. Comma after " night " clear, almost disappeared in the pink cloth issue.

Page 154.—Line 14. Second inverted commas perfect, not so in the pink cloth issue.

I suggest that Dickens was dissatisfied with the green or dark cloth submitted by the publishers as not suitable for a work about a celebrated clown. Accordingly the publishers hastily prepared the well-known more cheerful, but rather cheap-looking, sprigged cloth binding for the bulk of the first issue. A few copies of the trial issue escaped into circulation, and this format with its embossed and figured spines and sides was used again for the second issue when the success of the book was assured.

WOMEN AND THE HOME

By K. H. CALLUM

I.

I WOULD like to clear away a somewhat prevalent misconception that Dickens was neither interested in, nor impressed by, women; that he preferred to write of and about men, using occasional female characters to emphasise the importance and pre-eminence of man. No idea could be more erroneous. I quote two short passages from Dickens's works which not only refute this idea, but abundantly demonstrate that he held women in the highest esteem.

" Oh, woman—God beloved in old Jerusalem. The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure, in bearing heavy evidence against us, on the great day of judgment."

Again: " I think it must be somewhere written that the *virtues* of the mothers, shall occasionally be visited on the children, as well as the *sins* of the fathers."

There are hundreds of women characters in Dickens and I do not hesitate to affirm that his women are of just as much, if not of more, importance as his men. If we have the immortal Pickwick we have the no less immortal Sairey Gamp. Micawber has passed into the realm of the classic; but is Mrs. Micawber any less deserving of fame? Indeed, while not attempting to detract in any way from Wilkins Micawber, I nevertheless suggest that his most estimable lady has never quite received her due share of recognition. Her faithfulness to her husband in adversity entitles her to receive our homage, our respect, our reverence and our affection. Surely if ever wife and mother did, she stood the acid test. She looked well to the ways of her household and certainly did not eat of the bread of idleness. Well indeed might her husband apostrophise her in the words of the wise king: " Many daughters have done virtuously but thou excellest them all." Her husband could fully concur with Solomon, that a wise wife is a crown unto her husband, even if he might at times be tempted to say with Shakespeare: " Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

II.

There is perhaps no problem which affects women so much and so losely as housekeeping. It is they who have to spend the greater part f their lives within the four walls of houses. They do not have the ame opportunities—so freely offered to their men folk—of escaping om the dull, monotonous existence to which only too many women re unfortunately destined. The conditions therefore under which ney are obliged to work, and spend the greater part of their time, ould be made—if not luxurious—at least as attractive and bearable s is humanly and economically possible.

Dickens was among the first to bring to the public notice the appalling ate of housing conditions in his time.

In August and September, 1854, an outbreak of cholera in London rought the matter to a head. Before that Dickens had, in other ritings, depicted the deplorable state under which the poor were oused—witness his description in *The Chimes*, to mention only one istance. *The Chimes* was published in 1844. Writing, however, i *Household Words* of October 7th, 1854, he has these trenchant enunciations of existing conditions.

"It behoves every journalist, at this time, when the memory of an awful pestilence is fresh among us, and its traces are visible at every turn, in various affecting aspects of poverty and desolation, which any of us can see who are not purposely blind, to warn his readers, whatsoever be their ranks and conditions, that unless they set themselves in earnest to improve the towns in which they live, and amend the dwellings of the poor, they are guilty, before God, of wholesale murder. We may venture to remark that this, the most momentous of all earthly questions, is one we are not now urging for the first time. Long before this journal came into existence, we systematically tried to turn Fiction to the good account of showing the preventable wretchedness and misery in which the mass of people dwell, and of expressing again and again the conviction, founded upon observations, that the reform of their habitations must precede all other reforms; and that without it, all other reforms must fail. Neither Religion nor Education will make any way, in this nineteenth century of Christianity, until a Christian Government shall have discharged its first obligations, and secured to the people Homes, instead of polluted dens."

It is a sad reflection on civilisation, that only now are we beginning realise the necessity for slum clearance. In view of what I have id I do not think I am guilty of any extravagance in claiming Dickens being one of the first housing reformers, and that at a time when any nd of reform was regarded as being revolutionary and treated with spicion and violent opposition. We still have much to achieve, but t us not neglect to render our thanks and acknowledgments to him ho was a pioneer. It is to my mind one of the distinct attractions Heaven that we are assured that in that place there will be "many ansions."

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER is crowded out from this sue, but will appear in the next.

R

ACCORDING TO SQUEERS

I AM Wackford Squeers. I am the man as is guaranteed, by unimpeachable references, to be a out-and-outer in morals and uprightness of principles.

* * * * *

The only number in all arithmetic that I know of, as a husband and a father, is number one.

* * * * *

It's a ill wind as blows no good to nobody; that's what I always say when them lads has a wisitation. A wisitation, sir, is the lot of mortality. Mortality itself, sir, is a wisitation. The world is chock full of wisitations; and if a boy repines at a wisitation, and makes you uncomfortable with his noise, he must have his head punched. That's going according to the scripter, that is.

* * * * *

Natur' is more easier conceived than described. Oh, what a blessed thing to be in a state of Natur'.

* * * * *

My dear child; all people have their trials. . . . You are leaving your friends, but you will have a father in me, my dear, and a mother in Mrs. Squeers.

* * * * *

We don't consider the boys' appetites at our establishment.

* * * * *

Every wholesome luxury that Yorkshire can afford, every beautiful moral that Mrs. Squeers can instil; every—in short, every comfort of a home that a boy could wish for will be theirs.

* * * * *

The right shop for morals.

* * * * *

Payments regular and no questions asked.

* * * * *

Never postpone business, is the very first lesson we instil into our commercial pupils.

* * * * *

What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London. Just fill that mug up with luke-warm water. . . . Here's richness!

* * * * *

Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles.

* * * * *

Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human natur'.

* * * * *

She's a rum 'un is Natur'.

* * * * *

A double l—all, everything—a cobbler's weapon. U-p, up, adjective, not down. S-q-u-double-e-r-s, Squeers, noun substantive, a educator of Youth. Total, all up with Squeers.

AN AMUSING LETTER FROM ITALY

The most amusing passages in the following letter to Georgina garth were suppressed when including it in the "Letters of Charles kens," edited by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter and olished in 1880. Count de Suzannet recently acquired the original l has most kindly placed it at the disposal of readers of *The kensian*.—THE EDITOR.]

Hotel de la Ville, Milan
Tuesday Twenty-fifth October, 1853.

Dear Georgy,

First of all the main thing I have to tell you is, that the d describing a sparkling wine—the word synonymous with mousseux hich I vaguely remembered at Boulogne but could not recall, ned up at Domo d'Ossola, the very first Italian place we stayed at. follows:

Inimitable (to waiter) C'e un vino che vido scritto sulla carta ino d'Asti." C'e il vecchio vino che ho sperse volte Cevuto, un o come champagne, non e vero?

Waiter (to Inimitable)—Si Signor. Un vino bianco, Italiano, vino spumante.

Inimitable (apart)—Ecco la parola! L'ho trovato!

The next thing you will be interested in hearing of is the progress the cumulative moustaches of the two other members of the mvirate. They are more distressing, more comic, more sparse meagre, more straggling, wandering, wiry, stubbly, formless, e given to wandering into strange places and sprouting up noses dribbling under chins, than anything in that nature ever produced, believe, since the Flood. Collins has taken to wiping his (which like the Plornishghenters eye-brows) at dinner; and Egg's are near his nose, but begin at the corners of his mouth, like those e Witches in Macbeth. I have suffered so much from the contempla- of these terrific objects from grey dawn to night in little carriages, this morning, finding myself with a good looking-glass, and a l light, I seized my best razor, and as a great example, shaved off whole of the Newgate fringe from under my chin! The moustache ains, and now looks enormous; but the beard I have sacrificed dread warning to competitors—which I am bound to add does not luce the least effect; they merely observing with complacency "it looks much better so."

I have walked to that extent in Switzerland (walked over the olon on Sunday, as an addition to the other feats) that one pair e new strong shoes has gone to be mended this morning, and the r is in but a poor way; the snow having played the mischief them. I saw the deaf, dumb and blind youth at Lausanne on morning of my departure. Tremendous efforts were made by zel to impress him with an idea of me and the associations belonging e. It seemed in my eyes quite a failure, and I very much doubt had the least perception of his old acquaintance. Meanwhile as always (according to his old custom) muttering strange eager ds like "Town" and "Down" and "Mown," which Townshend, most ludicrous manner, wrested into an irrepressible desire on the fellow's part to articulate his name. As he evidently had no more

idea of Townshend than of any lamp-post in London, it was so in expressibly absurd that I laughed disgracefully and could not h stopped. The interview terminated by Townshend's buying ever object down in that dismal little place where we used to see the bo at work—he perpetually coming back for that purpose (when we we wild to get away, lest we should lose the boat) and saying in the odde French: "Combien cette chose-là? Oh! Voulez-vous donc avo la bonté d'envoyer cet objet chez moi?—Et cet autre obje combien? Oh! Vraiment! Voulez-vous donc envoyer cet obj aussi chez moi—Mon Loisir?" We forced him out at last, and left ten francs to be spent in cigars for my old friend. If I had take one with me, I think I would have established the association mo successfully than his master. The similarly afflicted child, the litt girl, whom we saw there, was discharged after some trial as an idio and was hardly remembered when I asked after her.

On the Swiss side of the Simplon, we slept at the beastliest litt town, in the wildest kind of house, where some fifty cats tumbl into the corridor outside our bedrooms all at once in the middle f the night—whether through the roof or not I don't know; for was dark when we got up—and made such a horrible and terri noise that we started out of our beds in a panic. I strongly objected to opening the door lest they should get into the room and tear at u but Edward opened his, and laid about him until he dispersed the At Domo d'Ossola we had three immense bedrooms (Egg's bed twel feet wide !), and a sala of imperceptible extent in the dim light of tw candles and a wood fire; but were very well and very cheaply ente tained. Here, we are, as you know, housed in the greatest comfo

We continue to get on very well together, though I am rathe confirmed in general suspicions. I have long entertained that oth men in general (and Collins in particular) spit and snort rather mo than I have ever found it necessary to do, particularly in the ear part of the day. We really do admirably. I lose no opportunity f inculcating the lesson that it is of no use to be out of temper in travelli and it is very seldom wanted for any of us. Egg is an excellent fell and full of good qualities. I am sure a generous and staunch m at heart. He is not above the average, intellectually; but I believe he is, in a good and honourable nature.

I shall send Catherine from Genoa a list of the places wh letters will find me. I shall hope to hear from you, too, and shall e very glad indeed to do so. No more at present.

Ever most affectionately

C. D.

WHO SAID THIS?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 110)

1, Mr. Bagnet; 2, Mr. F.'s Aunt; 3, Mr. Bumble; 4, Sir Leicest Dedlock's Cousin; 5, Mr. Wardle; 6, Fanny Squeers; 7, Ann; 8, Mrs. General; 9, Tony Weller; 10, Mr. Mantalini; 11, Ty Slowboy; 12, Johnny Tetterby; 13, Dora Spenlow; 14, Monk; 15, Jenny Wren; 16, Mr. Chick; 17, Miss Mowcher; 18, Bli Bertha; 19, Sam Weller; 20, Mr. Crummles; 21, Mrs. Gummidg 22, Mr. Snagsby; 23, Mrs. Merdle; 24, Doctor Marigold; 25, Betsy Trotwood; 26, The Marchioness; 27, Miggs; 28, Quilp; 29, M Joe Gargery; 30. The Little Seamstress.

THE FIRM OF HUMAN INTEREST BROS.

BY MARY L. PENDERED

I.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that a most important asset to a creative writer is the seeing eye—the gift of observation. In my long journey through life I have noted that the great majority of people look without seeing and listen without hearing! That is to say, the impression recorded in their senses is not registered in their conscious mind. I have remarked this particularly in respect of noises. A person will sit calmly talking, with a dog barking furiously close by, and say, when you remark on the fact: "I hadn't noticed it." But the faculty of noticing is a necessity to the artist, in any degree and without it no really creative work can be done.

I need not say that Dickens possessed this faculty in the highest degree. Nothing escaped his ever-watchful eyes and ears—and, I may say so, nose, if a watchful nose be possible. It was through this noticing faculty that Dickens was able to store his mind with a thousand images of things seen and things related to each other. Every image called up another image and that is what makes his writing so fertile in description, so rich in the art of invoking visions in other minds. To the superficial reader he ranks only as the creator of living characters, whose clear-cut personalities make them unforgettable. Or may "only" as if that were not enough to maintain his rank as one of our greatest creative authors. But, to parody a well-known line of Pope's: "They little know of Dickens who only *Pickwick* know." There is much more to know of him than even Pickwick and Micawber, and all the wonderful host of his characters, can teach us. He is an artist in words; he can make us see places and scenes as clearly as we ourselves beheld them; he can show us the drama concealed behind walls, in miserable hovels, in opium dens, in prisons and cages, and in mean streets. With a few words he can sketch a picture that will make tears start to our eyes, or make us softly giggle to ourselves with amusement. Through his magic we may see what we could never have seen without it. We might walk through all the places he walked through without registering in our minds any of the things he saw and described for us. This is why I am of the opinion that the mere casual reader of Dickens is simply entertained by his story and the actors in it. He does not recognise, behind their lamb conception, the masterly art and magic colouring of their background.

It is, when we get away from his characters, and the dramas in which they are involved, we are, perhaps, able to give more attention to his many great qualities as a writer and appreciate more clearly where his chromatic power lay.

II.

I have experienced this in reading his *Uncommercial Traveller*, which consists of a series of papers on things seen, indelibly etched on his

mind, coloured by his emotional imagination and painted by th art of words.

There is, to be sure, some over-colouring in these articles, an considerable over-emphasis, of which evidence may be observed i the opening chapter where he pours out a spate of words that suggest the filling up of an allotted space in a journal. He introduces himsel as he says, *negatively*, and this he does by saying: "No landlord i my friend and brother, no chambermaid loves me, no waiter worship me, no boots admires and envies me," etc.; nearly a page of wha he is *not*; which, although quite amusing, is perhaps unnecessary.

But his positive introduction which follows is less exuberant an straight to the point. "I am," he says, "both a town traveller an a country traveller and I am always on the road. Figuratively speakin I travel for the great firm of Human Interest Bros. and have rathe a large collection in the fancy goods way. I am always wanderin here and there . . . seeing many little things and some great thing which, because they interest me, I think may interest others."

It is strange how easily we take things for granted, without questio The faculty of wonder is numb in many of us and quiescent in other I must plead guilty to the fact that I have never wondered what th *Uncommercial Traveller* meant, though it really jumps at the ey It means, of course, the traveller who travels for love, not money for interest in others, not gain for self.

And yet—was Charles Dickens so very uncommercial, or did h "spoof" his readers—and himself? Had he no eye to the sale of h wares when he wrote these articles? But, anyhow, granted that h wrote these articles for money, we may be very sure he enjoyed writin them and they were certainly inspired by love of all men.

Well, I suppose we all spoof ourselves, more or less. As Oliv Wendell Holmes says: "Don't be consistent but be simply true and we do not doubt that Dickens was true to himself in this respec He was really, heart and soul, a traveller in the firm of Huma Interest Bros.

We find another example of this over-emphasis in one of his mo interesting sketches: *The French Flemish Country* where he describ a theatrical company calling itself "La Famille de P. Salcy, compos d'artistes dramatiques au nombre de 15 sujets." He coins a phra to describe one of this company—"a stout gentleman imperfectl repressed by a belt" and is so obviously pleased with it that he canno resist rubbing it in and repeating it over and over again till it defea its own object and becomes rather boring. There are several suc instances and some are legitimate, having a special reason for the reiteration; such as the *Chips* story told by his nurse. Here th opening strikes an arresting note.

"There was once a shipwright and he wrought in a governmen yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before hi was Chips and they were all Chipses. And Chips the father had sol himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nai and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips th

grandfather had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and half a ton of copper and a bushel of tenpenny nails and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great grandfather had disposed of himself on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long time."

Note how bald the story would have been if written: "Chips, his father and grandfather had all sold themselves to the Devil," etc. This repetition, with the sinister rhyme:

"A Lemon has pips
And a yard has Ships
And *I'll* have Chips,"

is the very backbone of a thrilling story and I, for one, can never tire of it. All Grimm's gruesome tales rolled into one could not beat this story for sheer blood-curdling.

Dickens describes his horrors and nightmares after listening to these stories; how they haunted his dreams and he became morbidly afraid to put his hand in his pockets for fear of finding a rat there. But I have no doubt whatever that he enjoyed them. A normal child's thirst for the horrible is insatiable, as his nurse evidently knew. Probably this, and the other one about Captain Murderer who made his wives into pies, enchanted his youthful fancy. I can't help thinking he enjoyed writing about them, too, when he was grown up!

III.

In these articles we often find topical allusions that set us wondering. In one, entitled *Birthday Celebrations*, he tells how, when very young, he was taken, as a special treat, to "a slow torture called an Orrery." I had never heard of an Orrery, so I looked it up in my dictionary and found that it is "an astronomical instrument for exhibiting the notions, relative magnitude and distances of bodies composing the Solar System." Dickens describes it as follows: "It was a shabby and venerable Orrery, at least one thousand stars and twenty-five comets behind the age . . . A gentleman with a long wand talked in the dark, tapping away at the Heavenly Bodies, like a wearisome woodpecker, about a sphere revolving on its own axis eight hundred and ninety-seven million times—or miles, in 263 thousand, 524 millions of something elses until I thought that, if this was a birthday, it were better never to have been born."

Thus was the young idea taught to shoot in those Victorian days!

In another essay we read, under the head of *Medicine Men of Civilisation* an ironical account of Victorian funeral ceremonies, which are compared, in their disadvantage, with those of the Tonga Islands and savage tribes. After describing the undertaker handing round black gloves on a tray, "as if they were muffins," and the tying up of the mourners in long cloaks, he adds, further on, "I cannot say that I have ever been much edified by the custom of tying a bib and apron on the front of the house of mourning, or that I would particularly care to be driven to my grave in a nodding and bobbing car, like an

infirm four-post bedstead, by an inky fellow-creature in a cocked hat." Few persons may remember the old hearses with plumes at each corner and the undertaker wearing a long veil to his hat and carrying a plumed staff; but I do. Though I don't remember the bib and apron on the house.

This book is full of such pictures. There is one, particularly vivid, in which Dickens describes an emigrant ship bound for the Great Salt Lake. He lets himself go in a flood of brilliant word-painting that I am sure no other writer has ever surpassed. After telling us how the 800 emigrants come on board, he concludes with the words: "But nobody is in an ill temper; nobody is the worse for drink, nobody swears an oath or uses a coarse word, nobody appears depressed, nobody is weeping. And down upon the deck, in every corner where it is possible to find a few square feet, to kneel, crouch or lie in, people in every unsuitable attitude, are writing letters." His summing up throws a light upon his times and the Mormon propaganda in England.

IV.

There are two articles in this volume that every Dickens lover should read, for they are full of beauty, dignity and simple pathos, without any of the verbosity and over-exuberance in which he sometimes indulges. They are, in fact, fine examples of his prose at its best. The first is called *The Shipwreck* and in it he tells of the terrible disaster that befell the "Royal Charter," Australian trader and passenger ship, homeward bound on the 26th October, 1859. She struck on a rock, broke into three parts and went down, he says, "with all her treasure of 500 lives," off the Welsh coast, near Anglesey. He goes on to describe the noble work of the clergyman of the village of Llanallgo during that time of horror and affliction, when, at one time, 49 dead men and women lay in "the little Church of great antiquity." "Here," says Dickens, "he worked alone for hours, solemnly surrounded by eyes that could not see him and by lips that could not speak to him, patiently examining the tattered clothing, cutting off buttons, hair, marks from linen, etc., anything that might lead to subsequent identification; studying faces, looking for a scar, a bent finger, a crooked toe." Gruesome business for a sensitive man; no wonder he told Dickens that it rendered him unable, for a time, to eat or drink more than a little coffee now and then, and a piece of bread.

In the churchyard lay 145 unidentified bodies that he had buried in graves containing four each. He had numbered each body in a register describing it, and had placed a corresponding number on each coffin and over each grave. He had written 1,075 letters to relatives and friends of the dead. Dickens quotes a number of the touching letters received from grateful wives, mothers, sisters, and brothers, and concludes with the words: "Convocations, Conferences, Diocesan Epistles and the like will do a great deal for religion, I dare say, and heaven send they may! But I doubt if they will ever do their Master's service half so well, in all the time they last, as the

eavens have seen it done in this bleak spot upon the rugged coast f Wales." He ends by giving this splendid clergyman's name and iat of his brother and helper, Stephen Roose Hughes and Robert Hughes.

In the other beautiful chapter I would have you note (it is called *'he City of the Absent*) Dickens has painted for us in matchless prose series of forgotten London graveyards. If anyone doubts his power) evoke visions, let him read this article. His unhackneyed images nd similes, his fresh way of looking at common things till they appear ew, may be studied in these few pages. The very title seems to me ispired.

" Sometimes," he says, " there is a rusty pump somewhere near nd, as I look in at the rails and meditate, I hear it working under a unknown hand with a creaking protest : as though the departed i the churchyard urged ' Let us lie here in peace : don't suck us up nd drink us ! ' "

What a macabre suggestion ! One of these decayed old churchyards -he calls it one of his best-beloved—he names " the churchyard of aint Ghastly Grim," and describes its gate, ornamented with skulls nd crossbones, " The skulls grin aloft horribly, thrust through and irough with iron spears."

There are many more ghastly grim suggestions in this chapter. ne of them tells us of the old man and woman making hay in a con- ned patch of churchyard lying between Gracechurch Street and the ower, " capable of yielding, say, an apronful of hay." " By what .eans the old man and woman had got into it," he says, " with an most toothless hay-making rake, I could not fathom. No open window as within view ; no window at all was sufficiently near the ground or their old legs to descend from it ; the rusty churchyard gate was cked, the mouldy church was locked. Gravely among the graves they iade hay, all alone by themselves." They looked like Time and his ife. There was but one rake between them and they both had hold ' it in a pastorally-loving manner ; and there was hay on the old oman's black bonnet, as if the old man had recently been playful. hey took no heed of me as I looked in, unable to account for them . . I coughed and awoke the echoes, but the hay-makers never looked t me . . . Perhaps they were spectres."

In the chapter on *Night Walks* there are more of the " ghastly grim " iages. Westminster Abbey suggested to him " a wonderful proces- on of its dead among the dark arches and pillars, each century more nazed by the century following it than by all the centuries going efore."

A thought upon which to pause and reflect ! He goes on : " it was solemn consideration what enormous hosts of dead belong to our old reat city, and how, if they were raised while the living slept, there ould not be the space of a pin's point in all the streets and ways or the living to come out into. Not only that, but the vast armies ' the dead would overflow the hills and valleys beyond the city, id would stretch away all round it, God knows how far."

Writing of Covent Garden Market, he says: "One of the worst sights I know in London is to be found in the children who prowl about this place, who sleep in the baskets, fight for the offal, dart at any object they think they can lay thieving hands on, dive under the carts and barrows, and are perpetually making a blunt pattering on the pavement with the rain of their naked feet. . . . One is forced to institute a comparison between the growth of corruption as displayed in the so much improved and cared for fruits of the carts, and the growth of corruption as displayed in these all uncared-for (except in-as-much as ever-hunted) savages."

What would he say now, if after a century of reforms, he could walk along the Thames embankment at night and see the forlorn wretches trying to sleep there?

There are more gruesome things in *Night Walks* than I have space to quote. But here is one—the story of the Man with the Pudding—a man in a long snuff-coloured coat and shoes, who took a large cold meat pudding out of his hat, stabbed it with a knife, wiped the knife on his sleeve, tore the pudding asunder with his fingers and ate it all. "The remembrance of this man with the pudding," Dickens says, "remains with me as the remembrance of the most spectral person my homelessness encountered," and he gives this reason: "He had an excessively red face and, on the second occasion of seeing him, he said: 'Am I very red to-night?' On being told that he was, he explained the fact thus: 'My mother,' said the Spectre, 'was a red-faced woman who liked drink. I looked at her hard when she lay in her coffin, and I took her complexion.'"

V.

His evocative power is illustrated in a description of the river, in his *Night Walks*, and of one of the great empty theatres. Of the river he says: "it had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds and the reflected lights seemed to originate deep in the water, as if the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as restless as an evil conscience in a troubled bed and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively upon the river." A wonderful picture.

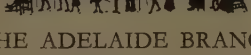
He describes the empty theatre as vividly: "Grim and black within at night, those great dry Wells, and lonesome to imagine with the rows of faces faded out and all the lights extinguished. . . . With a dim lantern in my hand I groped my well-known way to the stage and looked over the orchestra—which was like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence—with the void beyond. A dismal cavern . . . nothing visible through mist and fog, but tiers of winding sheets." He pictures "a strong serpent of engine hose watchfully lying in wait for the serpent Fire and ready to fly at it, if it showed its forked tongue. A ghost of a workman carrying a faint corpse candle haunted the distant upper gallery and flitted away . . . Methought I felt much as a diver might at the bottom of the sea."

Note the spectral images, the suggestion of other-worldliness, in these passages. I wonder if Dickens shuddered over them as he wrote them.

But the piteous and macabre do not occupy all the pages of this fascinating book. There is, as usual with him, a vigorous tilting at long established evils and conventions. Dickens was a great Innovater, an iconoclast who toppled over the gods of the past world. But in all his anger and indignation against wrong and oppression his sense of humour never failed and some of the essays in this book are deliciously funny. His animal studies in the one entitled *Shy Neighbourhoods* should be read aloud to be enjoyed. The donkey he knew by sight, though they were " not on speaking terms," who used to go out alone, idling, and was attached to an elderly lady who sold periwinkles; the honest dog that was distinguished in the minor drama, and the other dogs " who keep boys "; the goldfinch that would obey no one but a bow-legged merchant " with a flat and cushiony nose "; the feline matron that neglects to wash her face when in an interesting condition: the fowls that think the public house has displaced the rising sun and begin to crow when the shutters are taken down, and salute the pot-boy as if he were Phoebus in person—are all described with infinite drollery and observation.

Nothing escaped that " seeing eye "—not even the country dog that had come up to London under a cart and broken loose . . . who " loitered about the corners of the four streets commanded by my window; and bad London dogs came up and told him lies that he didn't believe; and worse London dogs, who made proposals to him to go and steal in the market: . . . and the way of the town confused him and he crept aside and lay down in a doorway . . . when up comes Punch with Toby." How Dickens must have watched that country dog and felt his horror at the frill round Toby's neck, and the final spectacle when he " threw up his head, gave one terrible howl and fled due west ! "

Nothing but a vital sympathy with every living creature, four-footed as well as human, could inspire such close observation and interest. For the moment, I am sure Dickens *was* that country dog.



THE ADELAIDE BRANCH

From Adelaide we are pleased to receive a report of some excellent meetings. They commenced in March with a discussion of *A Tale of Two Cities*, which was continued the next month. A new hall has been secured for the later meetings, and it is felt it will provide more congenial surroundings. Among the lectures of the past few months have been " The Genius and Purpose of *Nicholas Nickleby* " by Mr. T. C. Woodham; " The Case of Mr. Squeers and Mr. Shaw," by Miss Rosalie Hiern; and a resumé of *Bleak House* by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. J. Allison, supported by Mr. C. R. Scott and others. A Dickensian character-costume ball in July proved a very successful function.

DICKENS IN BOSTON IN 1842

By EDWARD F. PAYNE

THIS water colour sketch of mine hangs in the Dickens Room of the Parker House in Boston, Mass., U.S.A., and represents Charles Dickens and Mrs. Dickens strolling down Tremont Street on a day in January, 1842. The likenesses of these two young people may not be absolutely perfect but at least Mr. Dickens's garb is carefully drawn from published descriptions of his appearance on this his first visit to America and Mrs. Dickens must have dressed something like this.

Concerning the background, on the extreme left is to be seen the front of the Tremont House, the finest hotel in America at the time and the hotel that Macready recommended to Boz. Here he lived for the time he was in Boston and here he held the receptions which Longfellow, Sumner, Dana, Ticknor, and so many other prominent Bostonians attended. In the parlour of this hotel, Henry Dexter modelled the portrait bust of Boz, said to be such a perfect likeness. A good deal about this famous inn is to be found in *American Notes*.

Across the street on the extreme right of the picture is the Tremont Theatre where, on the night of Monday, 24th January, 1842, a performance in his honour was given by the local stock company and where, on Saturday, 29th January, he made the presentation speech to Captain Hewitt of the "Britannia" when the plate brought by the grateful passengers on the tempestuous "Passage Out" was given to the gallant captain. Twenty-five years later, in 1867, this was the Tremont Temple where Dickens began his readings in America and where all the Boston readings were given.

Next to the Tremont Theatre is shown a row of buildings. The corner of this block was rebuilt in 1855 and became the Parker House where Dickens stayed when he was in Boston on his second visit in 1867-8. Beyond that is King's Chapel, the only structure on the street that has remained unchanged since 1842.

Opposite this church and beyond the Tremont House, was Papanti's Hall where the great dinner was given to Boz on the night of 1st February, 1842, by the "Young Men" of Boston. In the group of buildings shown in the distance Francis Alexander had his studio and from the Tremont House to this studio the famous young author made his way several times, completely surrounded by enthusiastic admirers, to pose for the well-known Alexander portrait. Henry Dexter the sculptor also had his studio in that locality.

It is interesting to know that Dickens lived most of the entire time he spent in Boston within the area shown in this picture. But my little sketch is lacking in one grave respect; the street should have been shown crowded with people for all the records show that whenever he appeared outside the Tremont House he was immediately surrounded by the Dickens fans of that period anxious to see and to be near him.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens in Boston, 1842

From a water colour in the Dickens Room of the Parker House, Boston,, by Edward F. Payne, President of the Boston Branch.

A STAGE ASIDE

DICKENS'S EARLY DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS

III. *IS SHE HIS WIFE?* March 1837.

FORSTER makes no mention of another farce which succeeded *The Strange Gentleman* at the St. James's Theatre. This was *Is She His Wife ? or Something Singular*, which had its first production on March 6th, 1837.

Probably due to the fact that neither the name of Dickens nor that of " Boz " was given as the author of the piece, *Is She His Wife ?* attracted little attention from the critics. The day following the first production, " The Morning Chronicle " said, " The few meagre incidents had not even the merit of novelty to recommend them, and the dialogue was singularly pointless with the exception of a few puns of venerable antiquity. . . . It was well received, but whether the audience of another night will be so indulgent, is doubtful."

The next day (March 8th), " The Times " gave a much more favourable notice. " This is one of the cleverest farces that has been produced for some time," it said. " The plot bordered on the dangerous, but it was so dexterously and delicately managed that its success was decided. We have rarely seen Harley to such advantage."

At the end of the week " The Sunday Times " referred to it as " a trifle, but a pleasant one, containing sufficient incident to interest the audience whilst it lasts."

During the week after the inclusion of this farce in the programme at the St. James's Theatre, the newspapers contained the following advertisement :

> St. James's Theatre. Mr. Harley, Stage Manager, has the honour to announce that his benefit is appointed for Monday, March 13th, on which occasion Mr. Braham and Mr. Harley will perform in two new operatic burlettas. In the course of the evening Mr. Pickwick will make his first appearance at the St. James's Theatre and relate to a Scotch air, his experiences of a whitebait dinner at Blackwall, edited expressly for him by his biographer Boz.

In the programme for this evening Boz was for the first time given as the author of *Is She His Wife ?*

Of Harley's benefit " Figaro in London " for March 18th, 1837, says :

> " In Boz's admirable farce of *Is She His Wife ?* Harley delighted his numerous friends by his very humorous performance of the principal character ; and in a song, also by Boz, he displayed to great advantage his well known talent for the English buffo parlante. The performances concluded with *The Strange Gentleman*, who having made, we believe, nearly seventy visits to the St. James's Theatre, can scarcely be called a stranger."

The critic was wrong, as the play-bill here reproduced states that this was the fifty-eighth performance of that play.

St. James's Theatre.

Mr. HARLEY,

STAGE-MANAGER,

Has the honor to announce that

HIS BENEFIT

Is appointed for

This Evening, MONDAY, March 13th, 1837,

On which occasion will be performed

an original Comic Burletta, in One Act, Written by BOZ, called

IS SHE HIS WIFE ?

Or, SOMETHING SINGULAR !

Alfred Lovelown, Esq. Mr FORESTER. Mr Peter Limbury, Mr GARDNER.

Felix Tapkins, Esq. (formerly of the Indian House Leadenhall Street, and now of Rustic Lodge near Reading,) Mr HARLEY,

Mrs Lovelown, Miss ALLISON, Mrs Peter Limbury, Madame BALA.

Mr HARLEY

Will in the Character of

MR. PICKWICK

Make his First Visit

TO THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,

And relate, to a Scotch Air, his

EXPERIENCES

OF

"A White Bait Dinner at Blackwall,"

EDITED EXPRESSLY FOR HIM BY HIS BIOGRAPHER

"BOZ!"

The whole to conclude with (by Particular Desire) for the **58th & Last Night this Season**

THE STRANGE

Gentleman.

Mr. Owen Overton (Mayor of a Small Town on the Road to Gretna, & universal at the St. James's Arms) Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.

John Junkins (Detained at the St. James's Arms) Mr. SIDNEY.

The Strange Gentleman (Just Arrived at the St. James's Arms) Mr. HARLEY.

Charles Tomkins (Incognito at the St. James's Arms) Mr. FORRESTER.

Tom Speke (in One Eyed "Bowle," at the St. James's Arms) Mr. GARDNER.

John, Tom, Will (Waiters at the St James's Arms) Mr. WILLIAMSON, Mr. MAY, Mr. COULSON.

John Dobbs (Looking for a Husband at the St. James's Arms) Madame BALA.

Fanny Wilson (With an Appointment at the St. James's Arms) Miss SMITH.

Mary Wilson (her Sister outwardly situated at the St. James's Arms) Miss JULIA SMITH.

Mrs. Nonus (the Landlady of the St. James's Arms) Mrs PENSON.

Chambermaid, (at the St. James's Arms) Miss STUART.

Duet—"I know a Bank," Miss SMITH and Miss JULIA SMITH.

TICKETS, BOXES, and PRIVATE BOXES, may be obtained of Mr HARLEY, 14, Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square; and of Mr W. WARNE, at the Box-Office, at the Theatre, from Eleven until Six o'clock daily

Boxes 5s.--Second Price 3s. Pit 3s.--Second Price 2s, Gallery 1s, 6d--Second Price 1s.

DOORS ARE AT EIGHT To begin at Seven. G. & J. Dean, Printers, 4, Bridges Street, Strand.

Facsimile of the Play-Bill of Harley's Benefit at St. James's Theatre, March 13th, 1837

It is unfortunate that the words of the song concerning Mr. Pickwick's adventures at the whitebait dinner at Blackwall, have been entirely lost.

We do not know for how many performances *Is She His Wife?* survived, but Shepherd* refers to a play-bill in his possession announcing the nineteenth performance on Tuesday, April 25th, 1837. In the original cast, in addition to Harley, appeared Madame Sala, the mother of Augustus, and Miss Allison who later became the wife of Charles Reade.

The book of the farce was first published in 1837, and is of great rarity that the only recorded copy, after being in the possession of T. H. Lacy, the theatrical bookseller, passed to James R. Osgood, of Boston, U.S.A., who published a reprint of it in 1877; fortunately, as the original was destroyed in the fire at Messrs. Osgood's premises two years later. There are said to be in existence in America three copies of an earlier reprint thought to have been made in 1870 or 1871. According to Eckel's "First Editions of Charles Dickens" (1913), it is one of the greatest rarieties of Dickens First Editions.

* * * * *

There were negotiations during 1837-8 for the writing of a fourth stage piece for Braham at the St. James's Theatre, since there is printed in "The Letters of Charles Dickens" (1880) a letter to Harley addressed from Doughty Street, but undated. In this letter Dickens writes that his terms for the acting rights of a one-act play for the St. James's Theatre would be one hundred pounds, and for a two-act piece, one hundred and fifty pounds. (He received only £30 for *The Strange Gentleman*).

The editors of the Letters stated in a note that this had reference to *The Strange Gentleman*, but that is impossible, as the letter is addressed from Doughty Street, and the play was actually produced before Dickens went to live there. It is also wrong to assume, as does Mr. Ralph Straus in his admirable "Dickens, a Portrait in Pencil" (1928) and Mr. Thomas Wright in his "Life of Charles Dickens" (1935) that this letter has any reference to *Is She His Wife?* as the play was written prior to Dickens's residence in Doughty Street. R. H. Shepherd pointed this out so long ago as 1885, in "The Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens," and it is a pity the error has never been corrected—not even in the National Edition of the works.

It referred to a fourth, and apparently unwritten, play.

W. D.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS' MELBOURNE'S PRESIDENT

Mr. W. A. Callaway, the President of the Melbourne Branch from 1910 until 1934, when he resigned owing to enfeebled health, passed away in April last. He visited England in 1922, and again in 1927 when he extended his travels to U.S.A. He was a devoted admirer of Dickens, in whose works he was well versed.

* "Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens," 1885.

DICKENS AND THE WEATHER

By P. F. SKOTTOWE

[T would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in the works of any other English author so many and such varied descriptions of weather as may be found in the pages of Dickens. His intense powers of observation, coupled with his love of outdoor activities, combined to enable him to record almost every aspect of the weather. These descriptions are not only of great beauty, but are intentionally introduced to produce a dramatic effect, either as a background, or by way of symbolism or contrast.

Dickens justified his use of the more savage aspects of Nature in the following passage in *Barnaby Rudge*:

> "There are times when, the elements being in unusual commotion, those who are bent on daring enterprises, or agitated by great thoughts, whether of good or evil, feel a mysterious sympathy with the tumult of Nature, and are moved into corresponding violence. In the midst of thunder, lightning, and storm, many tremendous deeds have been committed; men, self-possessed before, have given a sudden loose to passions they could no longer control."

In conformity with this canon, the Maypole story is told on a wild night in March, on the anniversary of the murder to which it relates. Again, the attempt on Tigg's life by Jonas Chuzzlewit is accompanied by a thunderstorm, the gradual approach of which is magnificently described. The suicide of Ralph Nickleby takes place on a night which "was dark, and a cold wind blew, driving the clouds furiously and fast before it. There was one black, gloomy mass that seemed to follow him; not hurrying in the wild chase with the others, but lingering sullenly behind, and gliding darkly and stealthily on." Magwitch appears in Pip's chambers on a wild and windy and rainy night; and *something* happened in Cloisterham upon that Christmas Eve when the hands were torn from the Cathedral clock by the gale. What, we shall never know, but if an argument may be built upon Dickens's use of weather as an accompaniment of violence, then Edwin Drood could certainly never have reappeared alive.

One of the finest passages descriptive of storm which Dickens ever wrote, the wreck in *Copperfield*, is also a good example of the symbolic use of weather. The death of Steerforth, and the destruction of the old boat-dwelling in the gale, symbolise the end of David's younger life. The symbolism is admitted, and the parallel drawn in the case of the thunderstorm in *A Tale of Two Cities*, where the rush and roar of rain typifies the revolutionary crowds. Incidentally, this passage contains a typical example of Dickens's observation: "They spoke low, as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for lightning, always do."

Another example of symbolic weather of a different type is the fog with which *Bleak House* opens, not only a wonderful description in itself, but also a prelude to the legal fog in which the whole book is

enveloped. Fog and intense cold, again, form the appropriate accompaniment to the ghostly theme of the *Carol*, while the same wintry background is created for Gabriel Grub and the goblins when Wardle speaks of a snowdrift and a piercing wind that rumbles in the chimney.

It is interesting, as an illustration of Dickens's care in describing weather, to contrast the fog of *Bleak House*—the " London particular " —with the mists of *Great Expectations*, the one suggestive of " Nature brewing on a large scale," and the other the drifting white marsh mists in which the convict hunt takes place.

Bleak House is particularly rich in the dramatic use of weather. The dreary rain of Chesney Wold is symbolic of the desolation of Lady Dedlock's life, and the idea of the Ghost's Walk, caused by the dripping of rain upon the terrace, is carried through by means of the thawing snow at Sir Leicester's town house after Lady Dedlock's flight. The description of the wintry day as seen from inside the house provides a wonderfully dramatic contrast to the pursuit of Lady Dedlock by Bucket and Esther. Krook's death, again, becomes intensely horrible by reason of the atmosphere created by the close night and the " tainting sort of weather " as Mr. Weevle calls it.

Some of the most beautiful and tranquil descriptions of weather are associated with deeds of violence ; the dramatic effect in these cases is obtained by force of contrast. For example :—

> " It was a clear, calm, silent evening, with hardly a breath of wind to stir the leaves, or any sound to break the stillness of the time, but drowsy sheep bells tinkling in the distance, and at intervals, the far-off lowing of cattle, or bark of village dogs. The sky was radiant with the softened glory of sunset ; and on the earth, and in the air, a deep repose prevailed."

This is the setting for the duel between Haredale and Chester. Another beautiful sunset picture precedes the fall of Mrs. Clennam's house ; Tigg's murder takes place on a peaceful summer evening while there is a lovely description of a summer morning in *Nickleby* used to give effect, by force of contrast, to the violent death of Lord Frederick Verisopht at the hands of Sir Mulberry Hawk.

The foregoing references to weather and its use by Dickens have been concerned with the grimmer side of his writing. There are many passages, however, which have different associations. What could be more realistic than the blinding glare of the sun at Marseilles at the beginning of *Dorrit*, or the gusty autumn evening in Wiltshire with which *Chuzzlewit* begins ? What could be more exhilarating than the cold, crisp, winter weather in *Pickwick*, or more entrancing than the summer morning on which Mr. Pickwick awoke at Dingley Dell ? :—

> " The rich sweet smell of the hay-ricks rose to his chamber window : the hundred perfumes of the little flower garden beneath scented the air around ; the deep green meadows shone in the morning dew that glistened on every leaf as it trembled in the gentle air, and the birds sang as if every sparkling drop were to them a fountain of inspiration."

Whatever the season or the temperature, Dickens depicts it with a lity which entitles him to be called the Biographer of the Weather. s fitting that almost his last work should have been to create a ture of his beloved Rochester upon a summer morning : —

" A brilliant morning shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ins are surpassingly beautiful, with a lusty ivy gleaming in the in, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious ght from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, oods, and fields—or rather, from the one great garden of the whole ltivated island in its yielding time—penetrate into the Cathedral, ibdue its earthy odour, and preach the Resurrection and the Life."

THE IMMORTALS

By ALBERT EARL ROBINSON

N early winter dusk was falling as I sat down to rest awhile, wrapping my overcoat tightly about me. The day had been and wearisome and the chill of coming night pierced me through, my weary limbs craved ease from many tiring hours of searching ugh dim and ancient streets of London, streets whose very existence d never before suspected, so old, so shabby, so redolent of another were they.

had sought, and in vain, through these dusky and faded thorough- s, a lost manuscript, an original edition of Dickens, the possession hich, could I have borne to part with it, once having had it in hands, would have lifted me from penury.

he bench upon which I had flung myself overlooked the Thames I could see, misty in the distance, the dim towers of Westminster ng in the dusk.

he stranger must have been exceptionally light of foot, for I have recollection of hearing any sound of his approach, yet when I ned my eyes after a momentary doze there he was seated by my . A young and none too prepossessing fellow he was, savouring ngly of tobacco smoke and wearing no overcoat despite the bite he winter frost.

e seemed oblivious of my presence and hummed to himself a liarly melancholy air, the while sinking lower and lower on the h until he seemed to balance uncomfortably on the middle of his e. At the risk of giving offence, I stole a covert look from the corner y eye. What I saw sent a strange tingling up my back and caused to look closer in spite of all precepts of decent behaviour, for to intense bewilderment I recognised something vaguely familiar t this youth. I was a stranger in London and yet surely, some- re, I had seen that sallow face, those dull eyes, that wiry hair ing from under the limp hat worn wrong side foremost in an tive effort to conceal a hole in the front brim.

mewhere I had known, and known well, that air of inebriated iviality, somewhere had been familiar with that brass-buttoned

coat of faded brown, those shabby white trousers, that dirty plaid waistcoat, that yellow cane balanced so jauntily in a gloveless hand. I searched feverishly the inmost nooks and crannies of my memory—and at last it came to me.

I permitted myself the discourtesy of a startled stare. Could I believe my eyes? Surely, surely, two such men as this never walked the earth. This, then, could be none other. Casting reticence to the winds I turned full upon him.

"Dick Swiveller!" I cried.

He did not change his uncomfortable position by so much as an inch. I was about to rise in my astonishment, when he rolled his eyes in my direction and observed, apropos no remark of mine, that Jamaica rum, though unquestionably an agreeable spirit and possessing great richness and flavour, had the drawback of remaining constantly present to the taste next day.

My astonishment was such as to leave me in no position to consider this statement in the abstract, and I made no reply, fearing to trust myself to speech.

Then I looked more carefully about me and a kind of awe enveloped me at what I saw. The winter night had closed in about us, and a gentle snow was falling, but those lights along the embankment below me were gas lamps of a former time, and that vehicle rattling past was no motor lorry but a creaking stage-coach of a day long gone. On its box a portly, rubicund figure puffed and steamed, muffled to the bulging eyes. But I knew him—oh, I knew him well—Tony Weller.

My heart pounded furiously as I turned again to my companion. My face must have betrayed the intensity of my emotions for he broke short his dismal melody and turned courteously to face me.

"Tell me," I said eagerly, "are you, indeed, Dick Swiveller—*the* Dick Swiveller of Charles Dickens—the friend of Little Nell—the protector of the Marchioness?"

"And the last of an ancient and honoured line," affirmed he, and added, as if in incontrovertible proof of his veracity, "All Swivellers."

"But," I objected, unable to credit the evidence of my senses, "it cannot be. It was so long ago I first made your acquaintance. Fifty years at least. And I am an old man, while here you sit just as you were that day long ago when I sat at my mother's knee and met you for the first time."

Dick sighed in melancholy tribute to my infirmities.

"Yes," he agreed, "that's so, and it's sad, of course. But that's the way it is, you see. We go on, always, unchanged, just as we left his hand. And I could have wished," he sighed again, "that when he was about it he had endowed me with more presentable garments. 'Twould have taken but another stroke of the pen to give me a great coat and a muffler. And the Marchioness needs so many things, dear girl."

I thought I had him there.

"Surely," I objected, "I remember distinctly that you came at last into that annuity from your aunt?"

He smiled a wry smile and tapped his worn boot toe lightly with cane.

" A popular fallacy," he replied. " My master *would* do it. He ed it so often, and he never succeeded. He tried, dear man, to ake us all happy before he left us. He usually gave us a large family keep us occupied. He spared me that, at any rate. He sent Mr. cawber and Emily to Australia. Heigh-ho, do you seriously agine Mr. Micawber would find anything turning up in Australia, that Emily would be happy there ? Do you think Copperfield ind contentment with Agnes and forgot the fun and the stimulation his silly little Dora ? Or that poverty could subdue Pecksniff ? e you so gullible as to think Dick Swiveller could ever be anything t the shabby fellow you see before you ? The master was kindly, t he himself couldn't change the characters he gave us no matter w he tried."

As he talked, I saw the slopes before me peopled with a host that oved and paused, constantly shifting under the glow of the flickering nps, now stopping for a moment's chat, now fading into the sur- inding darkness from which other shapes emerged.

One there was a fat old woman clad in dusty black, who paused neath the light to rub her bulb of a nose with the handle of a great mbrella. I looked closely at her portly, black-clad figure.

" Sarah Gamp ! " I exclaimed.

" Sairey as ever was," corroborated Dick. " I've not seen her round ich of late. She seems lonesome, poor soul. Misses her friend, Mrs. rris, I shouldn't wonder." I was shocked to hear Dick emit a heart- s chuckle. " There never was a Mrs. Harris, you see," he observed. All the poor old soul's imagination."

" Imagination ! " I could not help crying, at the risk of giving ence. " Why, what are you yourself, what are you all, but figments the imagination ? I am dreaming I am talking to you, dreaming im seeing them. Surely you are not real ? "

Dick's voice sank a little lower as he answered, and there came a re serious look into his sombre eyes.

' Old Scrooge dreamed on a Christmas Eve long ago," he answered, ut the dream lived as long as his old counting house, eh ? Yes, in way, we are a dream, my practical friend. A man, a mortal like urself, dreamed us once. But the dream goes on through eternity ile mortals live and die. We whom he created will never die ile truth and hope and charity live in this world.

' We cannot change as you poor mortals change. We go on rough the years, and babies yet unborn will meet us and love us d laugh with us just as you did when you were a child. They will d us as eternal and unchanging as you have found us. See "—he inted his long arm—" there, under that lamp, is little Oliver Twist, ways a boy, waiting for the little boys who are trooping into the rld. And Tom Pinch comes up again to London. Look—there in shadow are Sikes and his dog."

' Come, now," I objected, " Sikes and his dog both died."

Dick smiled a pitying smile.

"How could they die?" he asked patiently. "Can't you under stand, they are immortal. Why, see there—it is ugly old Quilp. Yo thought him drowned, eh? And Nell. The grave could never hol our little Nell. And Steerforth, washed up once on Yarmouth Beach I fear he hasn't married Emily yet." Dick permitted himself a sig for immortal frailty. "Not," he added, "that it makes any differenc now. And Carker, who was run over by a train. You can see th gleam of his white teeth in the gaslight. The master created, bu even he had no power to kill."

"Tell me of him," I said, my voice choking in spite of mysel "The master. Is he here, too? Could I see him?"

Dick shook his head.

"The master had to go," he said. "He was only mortal, you se He had to leave us."

Long we sat while the soft falling snow covered the bare branch and festooned the sloping roofs of a long-gone London and immort friends passed before us, friends precious and beloved through th years.

I watched them pass, my eyes dim with tears of old joys and lon cherished memories. Pompous Bumble, leering Fagin, Carton wi his deep eyes and pallid face, jovial Pickwick. A troop of such frien as no other mortal ever gave the world.

I turned at last to find my companion rising. He favoured me wi a courtly bow, the effect of which was in no way diminished by h catching at my shoulder to save himself from falling.

"Dawn is coming," he said, "and the Marchioness is waiting. must go."

I watched him swagger into the swirling mists, watched throu eyes blurred with tears. And I realised, as I watched, that I h felt no touch of the gripping hand of Dick Swiveller as he steadi himself on my shoulder.

THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM*

In his latest volume of "The History of the English Novel" (t eighth of the series) Dr. Baker reviews the age of Romanticism in t English novel in dealing with the period from the Brontës to Meredit

And here is shown in all its might the powerful influence Dicke had on his contemporaries and successors. Wilkie Collins and Charl Reade among the former were most under the influence of his tower force, but hardly less were Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Yonge, the Kingsle Trollope, and Meredith.

To appreciate Dickens and the time in which he lived one must ha knowledge of the other writers of the period, and the present volu in this respect is even more useful to Dickensians than the former o in which Dickens was fully, although not always accurately, de with side by side with Thackeray, Lytton, and Disraeli.

* "The History of the English Novel." From the Brontës to Meredith. By Ernest Baker, D.Lit., M.A. H. F. and G. Witherby, Ltd. 16s.

N IMPRESSION OF *A CHRISTMAS CAROL*

By the Rev. CHARLES BURKE

"CHRISTMAS," says the late Mr. Chesterton, "is one of the numberless old European feasts of which the essence is a mbination of religion with merry-making. But among those feasts is essentially and distinctively English in the style of its merry-aking and even in the style of its religion. For the character Christmas lies chiefly in two things: first on the terrestrial side, e note of comfort rather than the note of brightness, and on the iritual side Christian charity rather than Christian ecstasy. And mfort, like charity, is a very English instinct."

So Mr. Chesterton; and these two notes—charity and comfort are rticularly emphasised in *A Christmas Carol*, upon which I shall ncentrate to the complete exclusion of the other Christmas books, hich "dim firelit tales like dim red jewels" Dickens created, "as artistic necessity in the centre of an endless summer" in Italy. Chesterton remarks that in the *Carol*, atmosphere is more important an Scrooge and the story opens with an atmosphere that was thick. Nature was brewing on a large scale," and "no dream," to quote esterton again "would have given (Dickens) a wilder pleasure than grope his way to some such tremendous vats and drink the ale giants."

"The ghostly little book to raise a ghost of an idea" is the story a dream, and from most dreams we wake in a fog. Mr. Scrooge ent to sleep in one. I wish to speak, however, not of fogs but of eams. The illogical inconsequence of most dreams leaves us very uch befogged. Not so this particularly delightful one of brother rooge. Mr. Chesterton points out that the story, "has the same nd of artistic unity that belongs to a dream. A dream may begin th the end of the world and end with a tea-party, but either the d of the world will seem as trivial as a tea-party or that tea-party ll be as terrible as the day of doom. The incidents change wildly, e story scarcely changes at all. The *Christmas Carol* is a kind of ilanthropic dream, an enjoyable nightmare . . ."

And we see the sound psychology of the Master when we consider e story in relation to the tenets of modern psychological dream terpretation, according to which a dream is a visual image picturing oughts to which our conscious minds refuse to give expression, elaborating into its content some happening, experience, or encounter of the evious day, expressing repressed wishes, repressed needs, repressed notions, and unfulfilled wishes; having no causal relationship, because" and "therefore" being indicated by mere succession in e dream elements. It draws upon forgotten memories and our early uth. That, at any rate, will serve as a simple definition, though ry much more might be said considering the size of Dr. Freud's Interpretation of Dreams."

Now this dream of Scrooge is true to the rule of all dreaming. It as occasioned by the events of the preceding day. The Nephew's

call evoked rebellious opposition to the spirit of Christmas. The benevolent gentlemen called for a charity subscription and the close-fisted miser harangues them on the evils of the poor people with whom he pretends to have no sympathy, which is obviously a defence put up to protect his repressed complex. This complex, of which he was unconscious in ordinary waking life, is revealed to him in the dream. The Spirit of Christmas Present was particularly interested in the poor as they carried their dinners to the bakers' shops, he lifted off the covers, and sprinkled incense on them, as they passed, from his torch. And later " from the foldings of its robe, it brought two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable." And, horrified, Scrooge asks " Have they no refuge or resource ? " The reply of the Spirit is the remembrance of his own words, " Are there no prisons, are there no workhouses ? "

This reaches a climax in the visit of the third spectre, which becomes a fear dream. His harshness recoils in the dread of desolation and lonely death. You remember the dreadful hags in the rag-and-bone shop ; the brief unsympathetic comments of his business associates, and the visit to his own grave.

The little boy's " God bless you merry gentlemen," brings the clatter of a ruler and awakens memories of his own boyhood in the deserted schoolroom. Bob Cratchit, with weekly remuneration of fifteen duplicates of his own name, awakens a line of thought provoked by his diatribe about the prisons and poor law and workhouses which culminates in the Cratchit Christmas dinner—Tiny Tim's " God bless us every one."

Lastly the fog contrasts vividly with the fulsomeness of the description of the Ghost of Christmas Present, and Marley's Ghost is obviously aroused by the knocker on his own door.

Despite Dickens's description of brother Scrooge as a " tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner ; hard and sharp as flint," there was an innate goodness in the man. I call him Brother Scrooge for you remember how he became a real brother to Bob Cratchit and a father to Tiny Tim. He was a mass of repressed emotions. He was like many of us. Those languishings over his old schoolroom and his sister—the faded but recurring memory of a harsh father ; his visions of poverty and delight in the Cratchit Christmas dinner, were all evidences of repressed emotions. The memories of his old love and the picture of his sweetheart's present joy are clearly the expressions of unfulfilled wishes ; of his own desire for a happy home life. It was an unconscious desire, in striking contrast to his own place where " a hearse might have been got up that staircase and taken it broadwise with the splinter bar towards the wall and the door towards the balustrade and done it easy," but which was lit only by Scrooge's dip. You see, Scrooge never expressed himself as a spender, so Nemesis comes, since we are punished by our sins and not by God through the vengeance he wreaked upon himself—in dreams of ill-used wealth, of cash boxes floating through the air at dead of night and

nging chains and fetters, when he had vainly thought that the rsuit of wealth led on to freedom. It was this dominating desire ich had come in conflict with his otherwise normal life, which he d denied. He shook off his love of a woman in order that he might e himself wholely to his love of money.

" Another idol has displaced me," she said softly, " and if it can er and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, ave no just cause to grieve." " What idol has displaced you ? " rejoined. " A golden one . . . . . I release you with a full heart, the love of him you once were."

That he had a normal sex life subdued or suppressed—away in his conscious self, but which came forward in his ordinary dream life en the censor of waking life was temporarily lifted—is clearly shown the nephew's party by Scrooge's delight at the antics of Topper d " that plump sister in the lace tucker." " The way he went er her was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking wn the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping against the no, smothering himself amongst the cushions. Wherever she went re went he ! He always knew where the plump sister was. He uldn't catch anybody else." Clearly Topper was in love and had ot it badly." But how could Scrooge dream of such a thing if he d never experienced it, nor knew anything about it ?

Deep within that self-contained and solitary man with his grating ice and shrivelled cheek and wiry chin, lying dormant was his old erful self the Ebenezer of Fezziwig's days.

That he doubted himself is clear not merely by the assertions of Humbug," so often reiterated, but in his dream of Tiny Tim and fears he felt for his life and health.

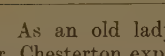
A good man suppresses evil desires. The result is what we know temptation ; a bad man suppresses good aspirations and promptings ich, thus repressed, form the voice of conscience. Thus an entirely d man, if such can be imagined, could not be tempted, while a perfectly od man would never be conscience-stricken.

Scrooge was not either an entirely good man, or an entirely bad an. He was tempted : so he wasn't an entirely and hopelessly bad an ; and we know that he wasn't so good as he might have been, he was truly afflicted in his conscience. He had denied his better f—his sense of mercy, and it recoiled upon him in his dream.

This seems clear to me from his reaction when he discovered himself his bed and the phantom hood and dress " shrunk collapsed and indled down into a bedpost." " Whoop ! Hallo ! a happy New ar to all the world." " He was laughing and crying in the same eath making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings," saying don't know what to do. I am as light as a feather, I am as happy an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken an. A Merry Christmas to everybody."

You see, he had found his true self which he had been suppressing and pressing for so many years. He had been in a way psycho-analysed ring his dream, and the lifting of repressions always involves the

liberating of energy. As an old lady of 93 recently told me in a good story, and as Mr. Chesterton expresses it far better than I ever could, "The story sings from end to end like a happy man going home and like a happy and good man, when it cannot sing, it yells. It is lyric and exclamatory from the first exclamatory words. It is *A Christmas Carol.*"



DICKENS AND THE MUSES

BY WILLIAM BLATHWAYT

IN this prosaic twentieth century I fear you would laugh at me if I tried to bring in the Muses as either goddesses or real personalities. And yet the Muses have in the course of literary history been very often invoked by writers of the Past.

Sometimes a great poet may have introduced the Muse in a negative manner—by saying that he won't invoke her, as in the opening stanza of Byron's "Childe Harold."

> Oh, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,
> Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's will!
> Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
> Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
> Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill;
> Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,
> Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
> Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
> To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of mine.

You notice that Byron speaks of the Nine, and although some authorities have considered that originally the Muses were but three —or, indeed, if it comes to that, but one—still Nine is the number mentioned at least once by Homer:

> "Say, virgins seated round the throne divine,
> All-knowing goddesses! immortal nine!"
> ("The Iliad." Book 2. Pope's translation.)

while Hesiod in his Theogony goes even further, for he gives the names of the nine goddesses. In addition to this the paintings of Herculaneum show all nine with their respective attributes.

In mythology the nine are usually represented as being the daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne—the goddess of memory and daughter of Uranus (the Heavens); they were born in Pieria at the foot of Mount Olympus.

It is the qualities which the Muses were supposed to represent that really, of course, form the basis of my paper. Though the wisest ones of the twentieth century may not believe in Melpomene—one cannot help knowing that there is such a thing in life as Tragedy. Though you may not be prepared to admit the existence of Thalia—yet you will have laughed over many passages of Dickens; though Clio may be to you a mere myth—yet you may have viewed with

nterest the history of the French Revolution as shown quite recently n the cinema.

It cannot be pretended that Dickens is specially associated with all he nine Muses. It is true that any intelligent man or woman will ry—or at least should try—to take some interest in every high and noble form of Science and Art. But no one can be a specialist in very branch of knowledge, and I am going to limit the association of Dickens and the Muses to Tragedy, Comedy, History, Dancing, and Lyric Poetry.

Both on the side of Tragedy and Comedy Dickens was a great writer. I have never quite succeeded in satisfying myself on which side I regard him as being the greater. He has both in Tragedy and Comedy certain weaknesses which I think it is well for us to recognise and admit at once. Wonderful as his pathos unquestionably is, he sometimes borders on extreme sentimentalism; and on the humorous side he occasionally has a tendency to over-emphasis. But to admit this is merely to allow that the great master was human with human limitations. Nothing to my mind is more foolish or more detrimental to the true understanding of an author than to try and make a god of him.

To illustrate Dickens's powers of pathos, I should choose the scene in *Bleak House* (Chapter 65) dealing with the collapse of the great Chancery suit of "Jarndyce and Jarndyce" followed by the death of Richard Carstone; that last touch about Miss Flite's birds is true pathos.

Illustrating Dickens's humour, I should choose the scene from *David Copperfield* where the Waiter eats most of the food intended for David (Chapter 5).

Dickens makes frequent references to dancing throughout his works. You will remember, for example, that Caddy Jellyby's fiancé, young Mr. Turveydrop, conducts a dancing school—where his father occasionally shows himself as a model of deportment. And again it would, I think, be hard to improve on the description of Fezziwig's Ball in *A Christmas Carol*.

In his direct associations with Clio, the Muse of History, Dickens cannot be regarded as having been particularly happy. I can remember reading in one criticism of *A Child's History of England* that it is the worst book ever written by a man of genius. Personally I should not feel inclined to endorse quite so severe a verdict; yet I feel little doubt that this book does fall below—and very far below—much of his other work.

The same argument can be applied to Scott. Though as a boy I liked "Tales of a Grandfather" I certainly never took the same interest in them that I did in his novels. But then the novels are largely history blended with romance.

So it is, too, with Dickens. I well recollect once after reading *Barnaby Rudge*, turning to an encyclopædia for an historical account of the Gordon Riots. After a couple of short paragraphs I was referred for further information to—*Barnaby Rudge*!

And now what am I going to say in regard to Euterpe? Wha views do I hold in regard to Dickens as a lyric poet? Well, I conside him to have been potentially great even in this respect. He wrot relatively little in verse, but I believe he could, had he wished, hav written much. One might, perhaps, describe his poetry in the word of Cowley as

"Worlds that not yet are found."

He practised poetry so little, that from a metrical point of view h was not always happy. But you feel the sincerity in what he di write. Read the *Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers*—a protest agains oppression, written in the "hungry forties" and published in th "Daily News" in 1846.

Even when Dickens is intentionally writing grotesque or ridiculou verses, many will find something in them to admire.

I think it was Professor Sidgwick who, when looking over a pape handed it to a fellow examiner with the remark: "I can see this i nonsense—but is it the right sort of nonsense?" I think that whe Dickens made Sam Weller sing of Dick Turpin and the Bishop's coac it was the right sort of nonsense.

Then there is *The Ivy Green* (which is still deservedly popular).

These remarks are very fragmentary and very incomplete. But eve so, they may perhaps serve as a reminder of Dickens's wonderfu depths of sympathy, and a full justification for a tribute and a homag to his Memory.

SOME MOTHERS

By W. A. BURTON

NO careful reader of Dickens can fail to be struck by the fact tha he is far from complimentary to Mothers. It may be noticed in passing, what a number of characters there are, whose Mothers ar not mentioned, among them Pip, Edwin Drood, Sam Weller, The Fa Boy, Dora Spenlow, Martin Chuzzlewit, Little Emily, Susan Nippe It would have been very interesting, for instance, to have had par ticulars about Susan Nipper's mother, and to have seen whethe Susan derived her striking qualities from her maternal parent.

Yet he was not alone in this peculiarity, for other great novelist of his time such as Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Reade, an Wilkie Collins, may be held to lay themselves open to similar criticism

It should be admitted, however, that a few of Dickens's mother have their good qualities. Mrs. Nubbles and Mrs. Rudge, are certainl depicted as well-meaning, and Mrs. Bagnet is all that can be desired But on the other hand, there is Mrs. Nickleby, a vain loquacious ol noodle. David Copperfield's mother was by no means perfect as mother, although possessing more than an ordinary amount of charm Mrs. Gradgrind, Mrs. Paul Dombey the first, Mrs. Mould, and Mrs Micawber are more or less weak and foolish.

In *Barnaby Rudge*, Mrs. Varden for the greater part of the stor is unreasonable, not to say vixenish.

hen we come to the really objectionable mothers; Mrs. Jiniwin s. Quilp's mother), though, to be sure, retribution pursued her he shape of a masterful son-in-law, Mrs. Markleham (Mrs. Strong's her), both of whom are truly awful females.

an one imagine a more unsatisfactory mother than Mrs. Jellyby? She so interested in the African project of establishing two hundred thy families cultivating coffee on the left bank of the Niger, educating the natives of Borrioboola-Gha, that she neglected own family, especially Caddy, her eldest daughter. Perhaps . Pardiggle runs Mrs. Jellyby closely when, as a District Visitor, is represented as bullying the poor, and dragging her unfortunate little boys about with her. Of these five, Egbert, the eldest (twelve) the boy who sent out his pocket money, to the amount of five threepence, to the Tockahoopo Indians. Oswald, her second and a half) was the child who contributed two and ninepence to Great National Smithers Testimonial. Francis, her third (nine), and sixpence halfpenny. Felix, her fourth (seven), eightpence the Superannuated Widows. Alfred, her youngest (five), had ıntarily enrolled himself in the "Infant Bonds of Joy," and was lged never through life to use tobacco in any form. Alfred (five) , as Mrs. Pardiggle mentioned, had of his own election joined "Infant Bonds of Joy," was the only child who manifested con- usness after an occasion when the Chairman of the evening gave a id address of two hours.

nother mother, somewhat allied to Mrs. Jellyby, is Mrs. Pocket, in *at Expectations*, the only daughter of "a quite accidental deceased ight" (who had a conviction that his deceased father ought to have n a Baronet), and in consequence had been brought up highly amental, but perfectly helpless and useless. We read that Mrs. ket whilst discussing with Drummle two Baronetcies, forgot all ut the baby on her lap, who did most appalling things with the crackers, and, when little Jane coaxed this dangerous weapon ay, Mrs. Pocket said that she hoped she knew her poor grandpapa's ition too well to be interfered with by Jane.

As an eccentric mother, one can instance Mrs. Reginald Wilfer, h her battles of words with her daughter Lavinia, and her iniscences of her home, where her mother frequently urged upon never, never, never to marry a little man, and her father (who sessed extraordinary humour) would remark that "a family of ales must not ally themselves with Sprats." Her father's company s eagerly sought (as may be supposed) by the wits of the day, and s. Wilfer remembered as many as three copper-plate engravers hanging at one time the most exquisite sallies and retorts. a paroxysm of maternal disappointment Mrs. Wilfer's mother nt so far as to predict that her daughter's fate would be a little n, whose mind would be below the average. "Within a month," d Mrs. Wilfer, deepening her voice, "I first saw R.W., my husband— hin a year I married him."

The only mother mentioned in *The Pickwick Papers* is old Mrs.

Wardle, who figures chiefly as a grandmother, but she is represented as rather a senile old lady (although only 73 years of age) who suffered from a chronic delusion that the kitchen chimney was on fire.

Lady Dedlock is a distinguished and striking woman no doubt but she can hardly be called an ideal mother in view of the fact that the heroine of *Bleak House* was her illegitimate daughter.

Mrs. Steerforth is certainly dignified, but is by no means a wise mother, for a great deal of her son's tragedy can be traced to her indulgence.

Mrs. Squeers, although a cruel woman, certainly had a weakness for her son Wackford, and affectionately provided him with the boots and clothes brought by new pupils to Dotheboys Hall for their own use.

Mrs. Cruncher, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, whose duty was to "blow her boy out" sometimes failed in this, as, according to Jerry Cruncher she was constantly "flopping" and praying the food away.

In *David Copperfield*, the hero's first wife (a mother for a few hours only) was undoubtedly attractive and loving, but at times silly to the point of aggravation. On the other hand, his second wife, who is everything that is admirable as Agnes Wickfield, undoubtedly showed the same perfect character as Agnes Copperfield. She appears in the latter rôle in the last chapter of the book only but in that chapter she and David are described as sitting by the fire with three of their children, and so it seems that she may fairly be included in this gallery of Dickens's mothers, and by her perfections make up for a great deal of the shortcomings in others.

Are we to conclude that the majority of mothers in Dickens's novels were fair specimens of the average middle-class woman of his day or was he unfortunate in those whom he met, and with whom he associated?

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO*

A GREAT year was 1837, with the coronation of the young Queen Victoria to reflect upon this time one hundred years later, when her great-grandson's ceremony was heard the whole world over at the very moment of performance; and seen, too, within a very few weeks if not days. No less startling changes have come about in all other phases of life; and this Miss Lambert has been able to bring before us most vividly by means of contemporary word and picture. Society, Travel, Amusements, Men, Women, and Children are all dealt with in their turn. Chapter 12 is devoted to "Reading and Writing," and we are at once reminded that "Bozomania" was just attacking the reading public; and are given a couple of pages of "recollections" of Sala. These are excellent in their way, but hardly a "contemporary" record, as Sala did not write it in 1837. A quotation from the "Quarterly Review" for October, 1837, would have given just the right sort of authenticity to the scene. But after all, it is a minor matter. As a mirror of 1837 Miss Lambert's book could hardly be excelled; it takes one right into the days of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*.

* "When Victoria Began to Reign." Coronation Scrap Book. Compiled by M. Lambert. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. Faber and Faber, Ltd.

DICKENS HOUSE

48, Doughty Street, W.C. 1

Charles Dickens lived here from 1837 to 1839. Here he finished the immortal *Pickwick Papers* and brought to life *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Barnaby Rudge*. Here two of his daughters were born.

The Dickens House is the headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship, by whom it was secured in 1924, to be maintained in perpetuity as a library and museum. It contains relics of the great novelist (including his reading desk, chair, some of his books and ornaments, the office desk at which he sat as a youth, etc.), autographs, engravings, portraits, etc., and a valuable library of Dickensiana, including a page of the original manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers*, several first editions, a large number of translations into various foreign languages, including Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, etc. The lapse of a hundred years has left the house almost unaltered. Our illustration (from a photo. by Wm. A. Clark) shows the "Dingley Dell" kitchen.

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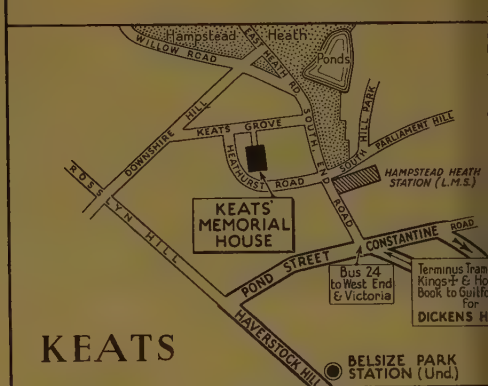

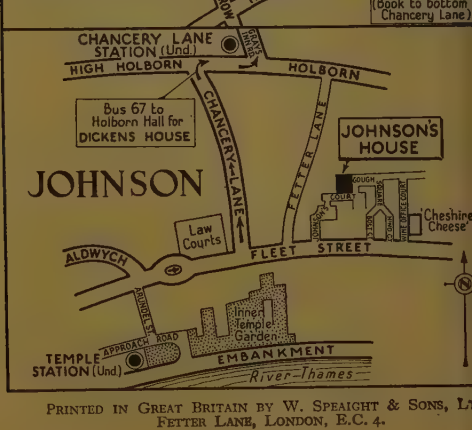

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CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR

VIII.

ONE would have thought that the "Punch" cartoonists would have taken fuller advantage than they have done of the excellent aracters appearing in *Nicholas Nickleby*; the Cheeryble Brothers, . Curdle, with his pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on e character of Juliet's nurse's deceased husband, the Gentleman Small Clothes with his bouquets of vegetables for Mrs. Nickleby, s. Wititterly, with a soul, are all neglected opportunities; nor ve Mr. Vincent Crummles, Mr. Gregsbury, Mr. Mantalini, Mr. Squeers Smike, been used to the fullest extent. Perhaps some of the aracters were overshadowed by those in *Oliver Twist*, for we find contemporary cartoons as we have done in the case of the latter ry.

A reference to the Cheeryble Brothers is the first we find in the ie of 17th February, 1844, when the following advertisement from The Times" of 7th February is quoted:

"To the BROTHERS CHEERYBLE, or any who have Hearts *like theirs*.—A clergyman, who will gladly communicate his name and ddress, desires to introduce the CASE of a GENTLEMAN, *equal at east to Nickleby* in birth, worthy *like him*, for refinement of character, ven of the best descent, *like him* of spotless integrity, and powerully beloved by friends who cannot help him, but no longer *like Nickleby* sustained by the warm buoyance of youthful blood. The idowed father of young children, he has spent his all in the struggles f an unsuccessful but honourable business, and has now for 18 ionths been vainly seeking some stipendiary employment. To all ho have ever known him he can refer for commendation. Being ell versed in accounts, though possessed of education, talents, and xperience, which would render him invaluable as a private secretary, e would accept with gratitude even a clerk's stool and daily bread. ny communication addressed to the Rev. B. C., post-office, Camridge, will procure full particulars, ample references, and the ntroduction of the party, who is now in town, and ignorant of this ttempt to serve him.

this, Douglas Jerrold penned the following eulogy of Dickens.

"Thus it is, ink-drops beget flesh and blood: Men, women, and hildren, as vital as the offspring of Adam, trickle down the goosequill of genius, and become living, breathing presences in the world. heir goodness, like Heaven's air, is a thing for ever; we hug them o our hearts, creatures of thew and muscle. In the dreariest as in ie pleasantest seasons, by the sweet conjuration of our thoughts ey are with us—they are our friends inalienable by disappointment wrong; our fast co-mates to the grave. Wondrous, enviable rivilege of genius, that out of so many ink-drops can create imortal beings, ministrant of pleasure and goodness—can people the oughest, darkest by-ways of the world with cheerful, hopeful things life, and quicken and ennoble the spent, desponding spirit of man ith the true and beautiful!

" Here is an invocation to charity made in the name of the Brother Cheeryble —mere shadows ; spectres of the press ; things begotte of an ink-bottle. Such, indeed, may the foolish think them ; ye has the ' Rev. B. C., post-office, Cambridge,' truer, wiser knowledg of the brethren. He knows them to be vitally endowed by th power of genius —as such, he knows them to be still moving abou the world, shaking ten thousand hands that welcome them ; and s conjuring by the benignity of their fine natures, he asks relief for h Nickleby. May his warm, ingenuous spirit find it ! "

" Mr. Mantalini in Hysterics," in December, 1864, was accompanie by an early drawing by George Du Maurier. The letterpress wa the work of Shirley Brooks.

Some contemporary—" Punch " calls it " Le Follet "—had printe an adverse opinion, commencing " ' Punch ' used to be demnab funny, and his pippetty-popperty jokes made one laugh—like demn tion. But what a dead falling off." This called forth an amusin rebuke from " Punch's " Editor, from which we quote this extrac

" *Mr. Mantalini* (as the other milliners know), when wearied turning the mangle, looked out for other occupation, and ultimate became editor of *Le Follet*. We knew this, but never told, an we have been very kind to him, for the sake of many merry memorie But we regret to say, that ' ALFRED ' has turned naughty, an scolds us demnably. He is a very naughty ALFRED, for he sets o with a declaration that he wishes to imitate another ALFRED, no extinct, who presided over ' a thousand worlds, peopled with millio of little opera-dancers.' What would *Madame Mantalini* say that ?

" ALFRED is very spiteful, and much as we like him, we must a *Madame Mantalini* to give him ever so little a rap with a stay-bo on his little knuckles, for spoiling so pretty a paper as *Le Follet* w this wilful, wayward writing."

Cartoons inspired by *Nicholas Nickleby* seem to be confined to t 'nineties.

In June, 1893, Linley Sambourne supplied a cartoon protesti against the system adopted for the distribution of awards at t Chicago World's Fair, which resulted in the withdrawal from competit of the exhibits of the most important European countries. M Columbia-Squeers is represented doling out " golden syrup " to " boys " to the couplet—

> " Open your Mouths and shut your Eyes
> And see what *I* will send you."

In the following month Tenniel represented Mrs. Nickleby as Speaker in the House of Commons. The cartoon is reproduced the opposite page. It was accompanied by " A Song of Sympath Suggestion " by E. J. Milliken, one verse of which reads :

> " DICKENS was surely prophetic,
> My own dear NICKLEBY NOD !
> The plight of yourself is pathetic,
> The state of the House appears odd.

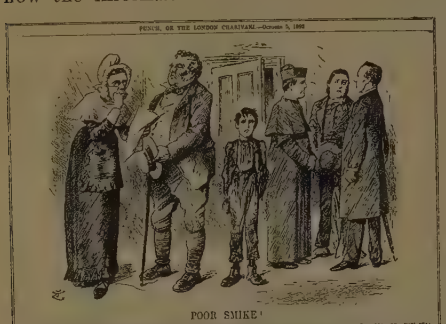
Can't we live quiet and decent ?
The shindy makes common sense sad :
It seems from occurrences recent
The mass of the House *must* be mad ! "

In October, 1895, when a matter affecting voluntary education chools was before Parliament, Tenniel drew the full page cartoon, which we reproduce on page 274.

MRS. NICKLEBY IN THE CHAIR.

Cartoon by Sir John Tenniel in "Punch," 22nd July, 1893

The Emperor William as "The Imperial Crummles" wondering how the information of his Christmas Presents of "chased sabres" to his sons, had got into the newspapers, was another of Sambourne's *Nickleby* cartoons.



A Tenniel Cartoon in "Punch," 5th October, 1895

Mr. Balfour as "Mr. Gregsbury," with a capital quotation, was the work of E. T. Read. It appeared on 8th February, 1905, as an illustration to the Parliamentary notes. "Crummles Again," and "Crummles Redivivus," have been favourite headlines for theatrical notices, but pictorially, *Nicholas Nickleby* with its great possibilities, appears to have been neglected since the very early years of the present century.

IX.

Mark Tapley, who always came out strong under the most distressing circumstances, and therefore a very suitable character for cartoonists, was not utilised until the time of the South African War, although a small picture entitled "Mark Tapley Redivivus" had appeared on 12th January 1895. Here were shown two wretchedly dressed men sheltering from the wintry blast, and one says to the other: "Ch. ch. kkkkkkkkkkk. NNN Nice SSS Seasonable weather this, mate. K-K-KKK." Could anything be more expressive?

Two Mark Tapley cartoons appeared during the Boer War, the first on 21st February, 1900. This was by Tenniel, entitled "Never Say Die." It referred to the many reverses that had been met with. John Bull, "in the Mark Tapley strain," was the sole figure, and was represented as commenting on his resolve "to come out strong."

"Christmas on the Veldt" was the work of Linley Sambourne. It appeared on 25th December, 1901, and was a

A Small Cartoon by E. T. Read, 8th February, 1905

spirited picture in which Private Mark Tapley was declaring "We shall come out all right in the end, never fear," a quotation from Chapter 33.

Pecksniff as the synonym for Humbug does not appear so often in "Punch" as might be expected. Peel was the first "Political Pecksniff," and "Punch" declared him to have been the original of that character, "the part in question has been enacted by him for a long series of years . . . long before any of Mr. Dickens's works

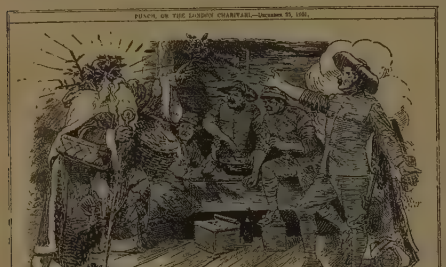
THE IMPERIAL "CRUMMLES."

German Emperor (Manager-Actor, reading aloud). "'Christmas Presents to the young Princes,' 'Chased Sabres,' 'Motto engraved on Face of Sword.' Dear me! I wonder how these things get into the Papers!"

("Mr. Crummles remarked 'that he could not for the life of him imagine how the newspapers found out the things they did.' 'I can't think who puts these things in. *I* didn't.'"—*Nicholas Nickleby.*]

Cartoon by Linley Sambourne in "Punch," 8th January, 1898

appeared." The reproduction of the original cartoon of 1884 was given on page 281 of the 1935 volume of *The Dickensian*. The last reference to a political Pecksniff was in 1928 when we find a passing reference to Ramsey Mecksniff and on 27th June, 1885, had appeared one of Harry Furniss's small cartoons of Sir William Harcourt as Mr. Pecksniff.



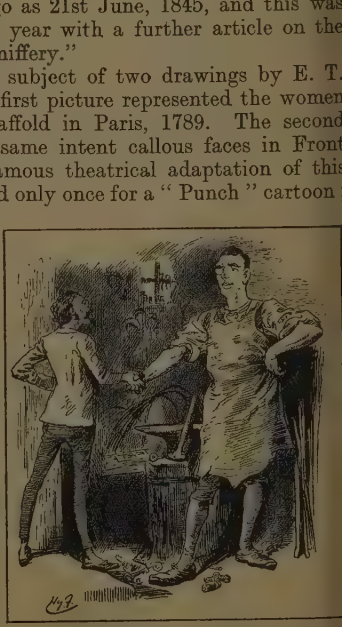
Linley Sambourne's Mark Tapley Cartoon, 25th December, 1901

Pecksniffery does not abide in Parliament alone. "The exhausted Pecksniff" was the title of a small sketch accompanying an attack on "The Art Union" and S. C. Hall so long ago as 21st June, 1845, and this was followed in the April of the next year with a further article on the same subject entitled "The Pecksniffery."

A Tale of Two Cities was the subject of two drawings by E. T. Reed on 31st August, 1889. The first picture represented the women of France seated beneath the scaffold in Paris, 1789. The second picture, London, 1889, with the same intent callous faces in Front of the Dock. The title of the famous theatrical adaptation of this story, "The Only Way," has served only once for a "Punch" cartoon this was on 25th May, 1927, but there was little else of a Dickensian nature about it.

"Winston's only way" was the title of a small sketch by A. W. Lloyd the following year, but again it had no real application to Dickens.

Harry Furniss in spite of being an ardent Dickensian, did not often illustrate his Parliamentary article in "Punch," with Dickens subjects. A very happy subject, however, was chosen in which the well-known "Ever the best of friends" from *Great Expectations* was utilised, Joseph Chamberlain, of course, being Joe, and Arthur Balfour "Pip."



A Small Sketch by Harry Furniss 18th March, 1893

Furniss appears to have been

very partial to *Great Expectations*. In 1882 "The cut direct" was the title of a small sketch, based on the remark of Trabbs's boy "Don't know yer": and in 1888 Sir William Harcourt was pictured as Uncle Pumblechook. On 27th February, 1886, Furniss supplied a small picture to accompany an article entitled "The Modern Tappertit, or a Prentice Hand at Paddington." Fragments from a forthcoming No Popery novel adapted from Dickens to the present day."

The title of Tenniel's cartoon on 29th November, 1873, "How not to SAY it" may or may not have been suggested by the chapter in *Little Dorrit* headed "How not to do it." Before we close this chapter of the uses made of sundry characters we must reproduce another Tenniel cartoon, "Is the old man friendly?", 15th January, 1867; an excellent picture, with Gladstone as the grandfather, Joseph Chamberlain as Dick Swiveller, and Sir William Harcourt as Jarred Trent.

Cartoon by Tenniel, "Punch," 15th January, 1867

Cartoons reproduced by kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT SEA AND ELSEWHERE

It was by the strangest piece of good fortune that the steamer "Montcalm" from Montreal to Liverpool on the 24th July carried with it three prominent members of The Dickens Fellowship, who met on board for the first time. They were Mr. J. W. McFadden, K.C., President of the Toronto Branch; Lieut.-Commander S. S. Hutchings, for many years Hon. Secretary and an ex-President of the Plymouth branch; and Mr. Walter Dexter. There were naturally many pleasant meetings during the eight days' voyage. Mr. Dexter's short visit to the Province of Quebec was not without its Dickens association: Mr. William Dike Reed, a former President of the New York Branch, with Mrs. Reed, his sister and cousin (all four members of the Fellowship), motored to Murray Bay to spend a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Dexter at the Manor Richelieu. On sailing from Montreal time was found for an informal meeting with some of the officials of the branch, including Miss Luke, Mr. Aston, Mr. Mainer, and Mr. Martin. Thanks to Mr. Martin, a visit was paid to Rasco's Hotel, where Dickens stayed close on a hundred years ago—now sadly fallen from its former high estate. The beautiful flowers which Mrs. Dexter found in her cabin after farewells had been waved indicated the warmth of good feeling to passing fellow-Dickensians.

WHO IS THIS?

1. He had that order of nose, on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation "snub."
2. Rather bald, rather red, and though a handsome well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance to be prepossessing.
3. He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space.
4. Let herself out to do needlework; at so much a day—or at so little from eight to eight.
5. His attire . . . was in a state of disorder which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it
6. As a general principle and abstract proposition . . . held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice.
7. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases.
8. He had a very full under-lip, a hoarse voice, as though he was in the habit of shouting very much, and very short black hair shaved off nearly to the crown of his head.
9. An old man in spectacles, and a hairy cap . . . short cadaverous and withered; with his head sideways between his shoulders and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within.
10. A bachelor of about forty as he said—of about eight and forty as his friends said.
11. His head was awry, and he had a onesided, crab-like way with him, as if his foundations had yielded at about the same time as those of the house.
12. He never laughed; but wore great bright creaking boots . . . he sometimes caused the boots to creak, as if *they* laughed in a dry suspicious way.
13. You couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in atop, like an old building, with something pitchy.
14. Was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented.
15. A little blear-eyed, weazen-faced, ancient man. He was of remote fashion and dusty like the rest of the furniture.
16. She had large, unfeeling, handsome eyes, and dark unfeeling hair and a broad unfeeling handsome bosom. It was not a bosom to repose upon, but it was a capital bosom to hang jewels upon.
17. He eschewed gloves, and looked, upon the whole, something like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe.
18. Something which smelt like several damp umbrellas, a barrel of beer, a cask of warm brandy-and-water, and a small parlour full of stale tobacco smoke, mixed.

(The Answers will be printed in the Winter number).

THE SECRET OF CHARLES DICKENS

By LEWIS SPENCE

I.

I HAVE entitled this paper "The Secret of Charles Dickens," but I am sure the nature and quality of his achievement hold nothing of mystery, except to such people as literary critics, who are so busily engaged in searching for the evidences of their pre-conceived opinions that they fail to observe the obvious. The people at large have had an instinctive comprehension of the worth of Charles Dickens almost from the first. But British literary criticism has almost consistently misunderstood him, and has gravely underrated his work and its value.

It is a saying a little difficult for the lay mind to grasp that the world's greatest writers have very little of the literary about them. Byron, Burns, Tolstoi, Balzac, Dostoievsky, and Dickens were the least "literary" of men: one would never have dreamed of applying to any among them to furnish a critical judgment or decide a nice point in values. In most cases their prose style is regarded by purists as almost lamentable in its laxity and diffuseness—a shortcoming which the purblind critic seizes upon as an indication of unfitness. But few, very few, stylists have written great novels, which is just as well, for the novel requires a separate style and method of its own—the style and method of the born story-teller, which is as far removed from that of the pedant as interest is from dullness.

The secret of Charles Dickens is, of course, that of pure genius, and is to be surprised at once by anyone who has seen his portrait by Daniel Maclise. It has been alluded to as "the veritable man Dickens," and yet it was painted while its subject was still a young man. It bears scarcely any resemblance at all to the conventional Victorian photographs of his later years. The face, which is clean-shaven, is suffused with that pale-golden glow of genius which those who have experience of it and have searched for it know and realise when at last they encounter it. Had Maclise been other than a great portrait-painter of insight (a much greater artist than the superficial critic would follow) he would never have discerned, much less have recorded, this aura of genius, the appearance of which alone should long ago have warned some of our more "superior" censors of the absurd error they were guilty of in estimating Dickens as though he were a writer of the lower cultus. For genius is not to be criticised, only described or explained, if that be possible.

Nor is it, as I have found through long experience, of any avail to warn and assure the apostles of criticism that, to the discerning, genius has its own physiological and habitual insignia and disguises. Psychologists are dimly aware of this, though not so much so as they believe themselves to be; doctors are bound to get a glimmering of it in the course of long practice. Cesare Lombroso set most of its data down more than forty years ago, yet still "literary blockheads,"

as Robert Burns called them, refuse to make use of this especial and valuable data in respect of their examinations of genius. They would tell you they were dealing only with results, and to some extent they would be justified in saying so. But signs and portents should be associated with results in arriving at complete decisions.

I had pretty well made up my mind about the greatness of Dickens's achievement when I first saw Maclise's portrait of him about thirty years ago. But what I saw then inspired complete certainty. It convinced me that Dickens, like Shelley, Burns, Victor Hugo, and Goethe, was one of that rare but unmistakable band of men who, by some supernormal process as yet only dimly apprehended, outstrip the rest of humanity in insight, power of expression and depth of sentiment. Maclise could not have fabricated, have invented the extraordinary and almost sublime light of enthusiasm which surrounds the features of his subject.

And other signs of Dickens's genius are not lacking. He exhibited all the volcanic violence of genius in attacking the unjust social conditions and mouldering institutions of his time. He lay siege to the old London of Bumbledom in the self-same spirit in which Shelley beset the out-moded social principles of his day. It is evident in the rush and flow of his enthusiastic prose. To-day that prose may, in places, seem strangely exaggerated in manner and sentiment. Critics would tell us that it is not "restrained." The kind of critic who nowadays presides over the productions of the cinema would probably tell us that it was "sob stuff." But England is the only country in the world where such criticism meets with acceptance. In other countries, where the people are human and are not afraid to show their feelings, what we regard as the sentimentality of Dickens would be considered as perfectly natural. Nor did the Britons of his own day regard Dickens as hyper-sentimental. It is only since that extraordinary engine of culture, the English public school, decided to adopt the ethical and social viewpoint of the Red Indian or the Oriental that the people of this island have grown so immobile, so dead-and-alive. Even in Dickens's own time the process had begun. Mr. Dombey, we remember, comported himself as though he had swallowed a poker, and Dickens made fun of him accordingly.

His great gifts notwithstanding, Dickens was very much a man of his race—a typical Londoner. But although the name is Saxon, the man was of the mixed blood, so very apparent in the modern Londoner, the Jutish and Scandinavian mingled with the old British.

The course of time may have modified many of the types from which Dickens took his characters and in an association with London stretching over half a century, I have observed decided alteration in the Cockney people and their manners and customs. But it is a fact that from forty to fifty years ago, that is some twenty years after Dickens's death, many people in London so closely resembled his *dramatis personae* as to seem to have stepped out of the pages of his novels. One met them at almost every turn in the city, in the old-fashioned hotels (just then evolving from the coaching-inn), in

staurants, coffee-houses, 'buses, aye, everywhere within the five ndred acres of the city proper. They were still speaking much the me dialect as Dickens put into their mouths, they were quite as rrulous as he described them, and allowing for the change in fashion, eir clothes were not so greatly different in cut and appearance as e might suppose.

And if you consider the style of Dickens "too sentimental," member that he was a Londoner, and that there is no man in Europe, rhaps, more sentimental than the out-and-out Cockney. One has ly to point to his popular songs and the extraordinary cult of other-love in the lower and lower-middle classes to see as much. id if you think Dickens's backgrounds too grotesque, too fantastic, io has a greater leaning to the fantastic, the grotesque and even the rrific than your true Cockney? Not the myths of medieval Germany e more compact of fantastic terror and wonder than the traditions Old London, and that love of grotesquerie reveals itself in the odern Londoner's extraordinary taste for crime and mystery.

II.

To understand Dickens it is first essential to understand the ndoner. I am, of course, alluding to the real Londoner, the vital pe to be found in his own native element of the city, not the im- grant or the cosmopolitan. The real Londoners are a remarkable ople, one of the most interesting in these islands. The mingling races is obvious among them, but their general characteristics e clear-cut enough. They have the superficial courteousness of all etropolitans, they are witty, sometimes sarcastic, shrewd, if un- tered, compared with Scots people of the same type, extremely citable and prone to sudden unreasonable displays of temper. But e point I particularly wish to emphasise is the tendency among them become "characters."

Now if we examine the pages of the great novelists we shall seek in in to discover such a gallery—I had almost said such a galaxy—of d and fantastic characters as in those of Dickens. Dostoievsky s scarcely a fantastic in his whole range, when the oddity of the ussian character is allowed for, nor, indeed have Hugo or Tolstoi, though some of them may appear grotesque to us because of their ry foreignness. Indeed if we wish to find a parallel with the portrait- llery of Dickens we have to go back to Smollett, or the Spanish vel of the Picaresque.

That Smollett, the queer and gifted Scottish naval surgeon, was ckens's master and first model can scarcely be questioned. In ildhood Dickens formed something like an idolatry for him and is never left him. It was a case of one vivacious and vital spirit eaking to another. Smollett lived in an age when individuality was ely expressed and indeed almost rampant, and that Dickens rried much of Smollett's mode of the eighteenth century into his lineation of the early nineteenth we cannot doubt. If that fact be ken in combination with the realities concerning the human material

which Dickens had about him in London in his own lifetime, the resultant analysis will perhaps give us a clearer insight into the origins of Dickens's method and reveal the springs of his composition.

Now I believe that a very large degree of the Celtic spirit has survived in London and that that is what we see expressed in the novels of Dickens, who was, I think, spiritually a man of Celtic type. London, we must remember, was a Celtic town until the sixth century of our era, and there is every reason to believe that its original Celtic population was never altogether thrust forth from its boundaries. It took centuries for the Saxons to make up their minds to occupy it, indeed for generations it was surrounded by Saxon villages but it remained and remains in essence, a separate regality of its own, having had from the first its own dukes and sub-Kings. Even to-day our British Kings are crowned at Westminster and not at London, to which they must seek especial entrance by the demand of a herald after their coronation. The name and many surrounding place-names of London are of Celtic origin.

You cannot think of another English novelist who has the vivacity, the richness, the volubility, and the poignant sentiment of Dickens, his native fire, his typically Celtic love of freedom and contempt for the traditions of oppression. In these things he is indubitably a Celt of the Celts, irrepressible, warm-hearted, yet with all the strange melancholy of his race. There is nothing of the staid and stolid Saxon about him at all.

I believe, therefore, that whatever present-day critics may impute to him of exaggeration and fantasy, Dickens's method as a novelist was inherently correct—that is, he delineated a markedly excitable, various, vivid and idiosyncratic people, the Londoners, very much as he found them and according to the dictates of his native genius which was in harmony with that of the folk and the environment of which he treated. In this he resembled Robert Burns, who was, among other things, a great novelist in verse, a circumstance not always clearly realised. Indeed the two men have much in common, the volcanic propensity, a surging, overflowing vitality, deep human feeling and sympathy and love of liberty. And their faces are the faces of men of the same race, the Celt-Iberian, the large luminous eyes, the dark pallor of the skin, the jutting slightly retroussé nose. Both, too, had the same conversational and oratorical eloquence and magnetic personal charm.

Much the same kind of criticism has been levelled at the performance of Dickens as in the last generation was directed against the early work of Sir James Barrie—that it represents an environment of unreality or artificiality peopled by monstrosities. But I hail from a district within fourteen miles' distance of Thrums and out of considerable knowledge of it I am inclined to think that Barrie exaggerated conditions no more than any other artist may legitimately do. A certain degree of exaggeration is essential to all literary art which otherwise would sink back into the commonplace and fail to secure the reader's interest, to capture which is, indeed, the one great endeavour

f the story-teller. From this point of view Barrie has employed his
aterial by no means improperly, and in the same way Dickens,
orking with the background and subjects to his hand, achieved
stonishing results.

Few writers have ever been so successful in depicting the atmos-
here of a city as was Dickens. In the description of a neighbourhood,
street or even a room he excels as none before or since. If he is a
ttle diffuse he is correspondingly exact ; as precise, indeed as Flaubert,
ut greatly more vivacious and less tiresomely photographic. There is
ertainly an air of slight parody over everything, that bantering tone
hich is nearly always inseparable from vivacity. True the lights and
hadows are invariably strong, because he employed a powerful and
weeping brush and was almost innocent of those minor subtleties by
hich the modern novelist hopes to inspire in his reader a belief
n the artistry of his compositions.

Dickens, however, was not dealing with a subtle period or with
ubtle people. The London of his day was as obvious as a mahogany
able, or at least it must have seemed so to acute observers when
ompared with the great communities of the Continent. Of course,
umanity is never really obvious, even to the most experienced and
erspicacious. And I am afraid that the novelists of our own day,
n seeking to probe the inner secrets of the human mentality, must
n the whole be held to have failed conspicuously. I very much
uestion, I have always questioned, the propriety of the novel dealing
ith severe introspection and psychological analogies. I feel that
is little suited to the intensities of what might be called spiritual
natomy. A novel's purpose is and always will be to tell a story
uccessfully. When the novelist attempts the rôle of professional
sychologist, which he usually does without proper or sufficient equip-
ent, he is actually dealing with the human entity in a morbid or
emi-defunct condition, he is regarding it more as a subject or a
case " than as a living, breathing, man or woman. And to dissect
ne human, I think, is a very different thing from creating a complete
haracter. It has been alleged that this is what Dickens seldom
chieved, that most of his characters were incomplete, that they
epresent phases of humanity, so to speak, but almost never the whole
an.

To such criticisms I would reply that Dickens had a natural, instinc-
ve and probably unpremeditated system or art-intention of his own,
hich, indeed, he shared with Goethe and Balzac and many another
reat novelist, but which he employed with much stronger and more
efinite intention. This was to regard the hero as the central luminary
his fictional system, to represent him as fully as possible and to
gard the other characters merely as his satellites, and tributary to
ne greater light. Thus they tend to become ancillary to the hero,
o provide his necessary contacts with the world, to be almost
xplanatory of him. But all the time they are actually illustrating
ne various facets and phases of humanity with which a man normally
chieves contact. For, after all, it is often the peculiarities of

personality which strike us or appeal to us in others more than their normal behaviour, of which few of us take much note. And we must remember that Dickens began as a comic writer, a mode which demands exaggeration; and as a writer begins, so he must continue.

Again, Dickens adopted the chronicle method in many of his novels. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Oliver Twist*, and *David Copperfield*, are chronicles. These are almost devoid of plot; narratives of the lives of individuals. It was, in truth, traditional in his time. The fact is that in Dickens's hey-day the English novel was scarcely a century old. It was thus some two hundred years the junior of the English play and at least a thousand years younger than English poetry. It is scarcely to be expected, therefore, that it could have made any very great technical or stylistic progress within the compass of three generations. Indeed my personal belief is that, compared with the Russian and the American novel and even with some new schools like the Yiddish, it has consistently retrograded since the time of Dickens. That is to say, that it has not retained a native aspect and tradition but has borrowed a dismal nastiness reminiscent of the worst features of the Continental novel without anything of its best. Probably the biggest efforts have been made by Wells and Galsworthy, but, it seems to me, they have just missed greatness. The one is too propagandist and the other fine as he is, has too little of that distinction which is the hallmark of great art.

III.

No later novelist, I think, has approached Dickens in the qualities of universality, humanity, and might. No living novelist has the pass-key to our emotions which he carried. Our present-day novelists may have a thousand excellent qualities, marvellous technical ability, the mastery of style, but they are not also great as men. They have not the magnetic influence which Dickens shared with Burns and Byron and which caused thousands to flock to hear him whenever he gave a Reading, or spoke in public. People who met Dickens have told me that he was unforgettable, that the enthusiasm in his voice, the expression of his features and the marvellous quality of his acting when he read his own novels electrified, surprised and vanquished them utterly. He was a human dynamo vibrating with the intensity of the passion of genius which fulfilled him body and soul. His histrionic capacity gave him the protean ability to assume a score of human disguises and to speak with an equal number of voices. And when he discoursed those passages in his novels which lashed the follies and injustices of his day his voice and demeanour seemed almost prophetic.

If you seek for faults in the writings of Dickens you may find them by the score, no doubt; you may conclude that his range was egregiously and strictly limited, that his best characters were exclusively drawn from the humbler classes—the more human classes, some of us would call them—you may find a hundred extravagances. These are only the specific and natural qualities of his particular kind of genius, and

ith them all he remains the greatest novelist who has ever appealed the whole of mankind at one and the same time, to people of all asses, castes and colours, the most universal story-teller our earth as known since men began to make tales for the amusement and terest of humanity. The very pedants who have criticised him ost harshly have done so precisely on the score of his enormous pularity.

It would be absurd and unfair to leave the reader with the impression at Dickens had no technical equipment, that he composed his great orld-stories at haphazard. From *Bleak House* onward we shall find ery one of his plots constructed with a care and elaboration so tricate as sometimes even to outweigh the characterisation, and to ve the effect of mitigating the freshness and ease with which he turally wrote. But spontaneity was never to be denied him.

IV.

Dickens has had many imitators, but successful in a manner as me of these have been, none of them has been able to approach him r the excellent reason that they did not possess that flame of ebullient id irrepressible genius which distinguished him. It soon became ident that merely to muster a bookful of fantastic characters was no sense a reproduction of the Dickensian model. To begin with, ne of the characters were of such surprising originality as those drew ; the style was never so enthusiastic or buoyant, the story itself ver occupied so extensive a canvas nor dealt with so many human tricacies and events notable to the personalities.

Again, many of his imitators seem to have taken Dickens for a ry gross sentimentalist. That he certainly was not. His sentiment me from very deep wells. It was not theatrical, but humanitarian its origin. It was not amenable to the sympathetic ideals of the shionable of his day, whose notions of pity were probably limited the gift of blankets and the doling out of beef-tea. It was a ntimentalism based upon the philosophical need for human reform id on the interests of a larger justice in human affairs. Its practical aracter is proved by its power to initiate reform, in which it actually cceeded, particularly as regarded the poor-law and the inspection charitable institutions. It was not possible for any civilised mmunity to disregard its humanitarian appeal. A championship trenchant and fearless could never have been rooted in mere maudlin ntimentality. There was in it something knightly, inherently asculine at its best. In the practical sense Dickens was the greatest modern crusaders against entrenched injustice. In the full knowdge of social conditions which we shudder to recall and of the potency the forces against which he strove, he risked popularity, fortune d all that makes life worth living, in his titanic effort to sweep away cient wrongs and irregularities. The ignoble profession of toadyism s never been quite the same since he lampooned it so mercilessly. e set a torch to the whole superincumbent mass of humbug which but destroyed it.

The truth is, we do not nowadays sufficiently encourage the writing of fiction of social propaganda, or if we do, it is not of a very telling kind. Mere parody or sarcasm is not the best kind of propaganda, neither is destructively anarchical fiction of the denunciatory kind with which we have become so familiar from some American and Russian pens. Dickens was no crude and violent revolutionary, no fantastic extremist, but just a civilised man of clear perception who wished to introduce a reasoned propriety into human affairs. Were he among us to-day he would indeed find plenty of work to do as a reformer. But he would undertake it in the spirit of an enlightened man and not in that of a destroyer.

V.

Have the writings of Charles Dickens any message for our own times? Most assuredly they have. Their outstanding message is that of mercy—mercy which the world seems to have thrown aside with such callous disregard. Dickens was born into a cruel and harsh age, when the differences between classes were emphasised with almost brutal severity and old age and poverty were naked and helpless as folk in a desert. By the power of his humanity he helped to bring about a change in men's hearts. To-day much of his work is undone. Since the War, it seems to me, human pride has redoubled in its malignancy. Than pride there is, in my estimation, no worse crime. Its presence presupposes in the possessor a sense of being above ordinary codes. It inflames and fosters the worst among human passions. Wherever it goes it arouses fury and hatred. I do not at all like many of the facial expressions I encounter in our streets nowadays. These are not the faces of kindly, warm-hearted men and women, but of people who wish to vaunt, to crush, to revel in power and superiority. Man cannot make a demi-god of himself by trying to look like one. Dickens would have lashed such people unmercifully. He would have revealed them for what they are—inhumane, unwishful to identify themselves with their fellows, cold, heartless. On the other hand, I am happy to say, there are thousands of warm-hearted people in our midst. I am sure we all know many of them and that they leaven the lump.

I am sure also that Dickens, besides lashing our haughty folk would also have laughed at them. Poor things, after all they have no sense of humour, or they would certainly not comport themselves as they do. But this country is by no means the only place where pride is digging pits for its own downfall. I wonder what our great novelist would have thought of the ravages pride has made in the Continent of Europe during the last twenty years or so. How he would have loathed and contemned the dreadful exhibition! For Dickens was essentially a man of taste and would have regarded with the horror and aversion of the truly civilised the prancings and pageantries of dictators and the peacockings of their brainless satellites.

Of this I am also convinced, that no man in Europe would have come forward more boldly to denounce all who dared in any manner

lay sacrilegious hands on human liberty. He would not have done bitterly or venomously, for there was far too much of the milk of man kindness in him to be either bitter or venomous. But of all ings he would have deplored most, I am sure, the appalling lack and sence of mercy in this age which, I am beginning to think, is in some ays the most tragic and deplorable in the history of humanity. Mercy is the highest ornament of civilisation, indeed it is its first d most necessary constituent. There is scarcely a page of Dickens which you will not discover allusion to it, either forthrightly or by plication. In the balm of it his pen was deeply imbued, and the ader who has not profited by the spirit of mercy and pity which s works reveal has perused them in vain.

One feels indeed that Dickens's whole endeavour, the very heart and ul of his work, is a great and passionate appeal for mercy from man man. He was not alone in urging this plea almost desperately—akespeare, Burns, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tolstoi, Hugo, Cowper all those who have been inspired and who have seen more clearly an their fellows, have recognised that mercy is the foundation as ll as the flower of human life, policy and intercourse and that without the whole structure of society must be a sham and a farce. Has that these great spirits have urged as to the maintenance of this ime human virtue been written in vain ? Have generations of men ntinued to read and reread their appeals without the slightest practical sult ? I cannot believe that they have, the thing would be redible. But any man of experience must agree that the general ect is pitifully meagre and that to-day humanity has to be compelled, ther than taught, to learn the lesson of mercy by way of experiences d sufferings so terrible as to make serious men feel that the sacrifice almost too great to justify the issue.

Genius is the angel which bears celestial tidings to man, the spirit ich wars constantly against human stupidity. People cannot help ing born in ignorance, but there is no reason why they should remain , and it is strange indeed that they should, when all the thousand rning records of genius exist for the dissipation of their darkness. it wilfully to *remain* in darkness when it is possible to exist in light the unforgivable sin. It is the sin for which humanity is at present ying a terrible price—and the price will go on being paid until human- makes up its mind to be stupid no longer. For stupidity is at the ot of all our human difficulties and we shall be punished again and ain until we crawl out of the pits it has digged for us.

G. B. S. AND *GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

we go to press we hear that a new (and limited) edition of *Great pectations* has been published in America with a special introduction Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who has substituted the discarded ding (printed in the "Life"—see Ley's Annotated Forster, page 737) that finally decided on by Dickens himself. We hear, too, that . Shaw has lately been assisting Mr. Shakespeare by writing an ditional act for one of his plays!

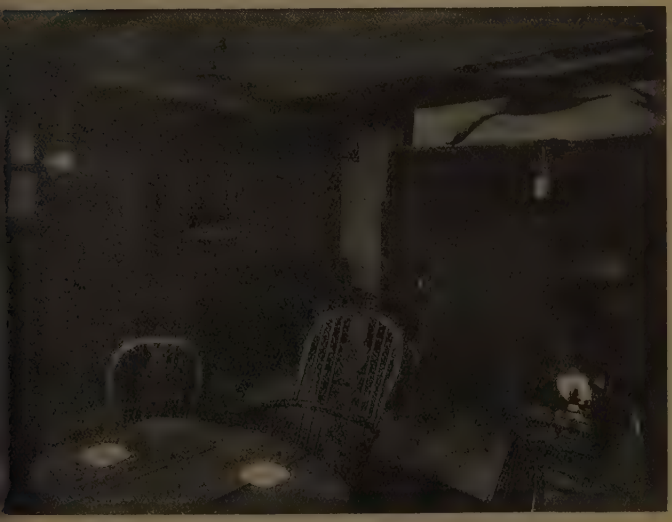
REFLECTIONS OF AN INNKEEPER

THE " George " in the Borough ! To every lover of Dickens's London the very name is an inspiration, conveying to the mind a pictur of the most characteristic and the most romantic corner, the las galleried coaching inn. I had known it since I first read Dickens an had first tramped the London streets—two pursuits acquired ver early in life. It had flourished in the Borough High Street for nearl three centuries and certainly had not altered since the days of Dicken Its placid life flowed on quite oblivious of the bustling world of modernit around it, and one did not for a moment imagine that anything coul ever happen to it. Then suddenly, in the autumn of 1934, came th

The Panelled Room on the First Floor

death of Miss Murray. Something *had* happened, for Miss Murra had presided there for more years than any living Dickensian cou remember. She was definitely " a character " and her forcef personality was inseparable from the " George " and seemed as pe manent. Her passing appeared as remarkable as would have been th disappearance of the inn itself on a dark night.

Then came the thought : What was going to be the future of th " George " ? And the next : Why not try to direct that futu oneself ? Eventually with the invaluable aid of the Dickens Fellow ship, my brother and I became joint landlords. It was a gre adventure, although not a long one—something under two years but while it lasted life did not lack incident.



Two views of the new Lounge, formerly the kitchen

The first months were absorbed by restoration work. One beautifu panelled room on the first floor was stripped of its four hundredweight of paint, revealing splendid pine which was destined to provide background for many an interesting gathering; guest rooms wit modern beds were provided with old ones; lighting, heating and a bath room were installed as inconspicuously as possible, and most importan of all, the large neglected kitchen in the front of the house was converte into a beautiful lounge, and provided with old farmhouse furnitur thus leaving the old Coffee Room entirely free for the service meals.

This work completed, the full tide of the business we had hoped fo was soon flowing. Distinguished Dickensians, Shakespeareans, artist authors, actors, travellers of every nationality found their way to th "George," all enthusiastic and anxious to hear its history.

Happiest of my memories are those of the Christmas Eve "Boar Head Festival"; a holly and laurel bedecked inn and the picturesqu costumes of the guests to catch the eye, the songs of the Gresha singers to take the ear and truly old English fare to tempt the appetit

A few weeks afterwards the B.B.C. celebrated Dickens's birthda by broadcasting, from the inn, the arrival of a coach-and-four loade with passengers in the costume of the period. There were only fe spectators but the coach provided a fascinating picture against th galleries of the inn.

Of the many festive gatherings, a goodly number were organise by the Dickens Fellowship, including a large party during the Pickwi Centenary Celebrations. Miss Edith Evans entertained the enti "Old Vic" company to a midnight supper after a performance "As You Like It," and of course there was the bi-annual ritual of th dramatic performances of Dickens and Shakespeare in the inn yar

The life of an innkeeper is anything but dull and many odd happenin linger in the memory and never come to mind without a chuckle amusement. There was the gentleman who departed without payi for his specially ordered luncheon and who subsequently sent ha the amount of his bill with the cryptic remark that there was "Salva on the duck." There was the young lady who enquired with bat breath and whispering humbleness, whether she might be allow to see the room in which Mr. Dickens slept. There was the Coloni lady who told me that on asking her way of a local inhabitant, w directed—"The George Inn? Down the yard, ma! Dickens a Shakespeare played there together as children!"

In retrospect it was a valuable experience to have been landlord a celebrated inn, if only for a brief period. One's knowledge of humani was very considerably enlarged. It was good to have the opportuni to work and live in a Dickensian atmosphere that was complete a authentic; and to be enabled to provide similar facilities for fell Dickensians.

LESLIE C. STAPLES*.

* As announced in the last number, Mr. Staples vacated the "George" on acquisition by the National Trust.

HOW THEY MIGHT HAVE DONE IT

"SCROOGE AND MARLEY" IN OTHER HANDS

SHAKESPEARE

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When fog conspiring with the winter murk,
Hath cheated half the world of jocund day.
Bright flares now strive to pierce the Stygian gloom
And light the lofty summit of Cornhill,
Where Scrooge and Marley make their pile of gold.
Hard at his desk the starveling Cratchit works
Or warms his fingers at the candle's blaze;
Squinting he tries to magnify the fire

By seeing double its one single coal.
Old Scrooge is also there who never smiles,
Cold as the night and harder than the frost,
Sharp as the flint from which no steel has struck
A generous spark or happy healing warmth.
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond.
But his was like a pond that's frozen fast,
The ice so rough and dangerous none dare skate.
Colder and darker grows the frosty night;
The dripping pump is curdled thick with ice,
And breath congeals upon the window pane.
A slide is formed on Cornhill's dreary slope
And down that slide goes Cratchit till he glows.

WORDSWORTH (We are Seven)

I met a little scrubby clerk,
And he was poorly clad.
His muffler white shone in the dark,
No overcoat he had.

"What do you earn a week?" said I,
"And whom do you work for?"
"I get but fifteen bob, and why?
—Because I can't get more."

"For Scrooge and Marley do I drive
A quill from 9 to 7,
Good Mr. Scrooge is still alive
But Marley's gone to Heaven."

"Then do you work for only one?"
"I work for seven," he said,
"Marley returns at set of sun
Although he's seven years dead."

"There's Mrs. C., and Master P.,
Two girls and Tiny Tim,
With Scrooge and Marley, seven you see,
Though Marley's dead as dead can be,
I really must count him."

"When work is very hard I knit
My brows, and softly hem,
And at my desk I often sit
As late as 8 p.m."

"And when I'm still more busy, Sir,
You'd hardly think it fair;
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

BROWNING

Do you see this Book
'Tis heart-work made to match
All that is written in my other works.
'Tis but a little volume thrown between
The larger tomes that stand so tall and fair.
What of it? 'Tis a figure, a symbol, say;
The thing's a sign that Chuzzlewit had failed,
And it was needful something should be done,
Else pockets gaped for money was not there.
O British public, ye who liked me not
While I was writing "Martin Chuzzlewit."
When you have read this you may like me yet.
Here is the book, a shilling makes it yours.
No offers—well—Behold the gloomy scene
The Counting-house, or bank, or what you will,
The office where those two grim merchants live,
And make their pile of hard ill-gotten gold,
The firm of Scrooge and Marley. Marley's dead.
But what of that? his spirit still survives;
And Scrooge has Marley's hardness and his own.
Now Ebenezer and his only clerk
Were working hard upon one Christmas Eve,
Amid the ledgers, parchments, sealing wax,
Old pens and pencils, string, and odds and ends;
"Nescio quid nugarum" as they said
In Horace's day you know the tag of course;
Cratchit did not, for fifteen bob a week
Leaves little money to buy Latin books.

. . . . .

Two portly men now enter, letting in
A mass of yellow fog like rich pea soup.
"If Crachit's hungry let him swallow that,"
So Scrooge might say but did not, as it chanced.

The gentlemen asked Scrooge to help the poor,
And for an answer got a surly, "No."
Thus goes the story, you will find it writ
In "Staves" although there is no music in't.

O little book, half fiction and half truth,
And all a wonder and a great desire
To raise the pleasant Ghost of Christmas here,
Make warm cold hearts that never felt the glow
Of generous feelings, and make bright those eyes
All filled with tears; and this I mean to do,
Write one small book, more loved than all the rest.

LONGFELLOW (Evangeline)

his is the City of London, the murmuring crowds in the great shops,
hrong all the counters and buy fair gifts for the young and the old folk.
ito the streets then they wander forth indistinct in the twilight.
:and like Druids of old, but larger and far more important,
ll the great Banking concerns, the man-made mountains of commerce.
:and the multiple Stores or Woolworth's where buyers are welcome.
oud from the neighbouring river the shrill-voiced cry of the syrens
ells how the fog ever grows; 'tis London's attack of the jaundice.
ow had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer.
oggy withal was the air, and people were coughing and sneezing.
locks in the City struck three, but the sky already was darkened,
indles in windows were flaring like ruddy smears on the brown air.
his is the well-known office, the home of Scrooge and of Marley,
en whose lives glided on like the river whose sands were all golden.
Vaste would that office be now, for Marley was dead as a doornail,
ad Scrooge not taken his place, Old Scrooge self-contained as an oyster.
ow had the hour arrived for shutting the dark dreary office,
:rooge will his dead partner meet, that ghastly, grim, grisly old goblin.

---

e who delight in a story of dreams, and of ghosts, and of phantoms,
e who really believe that you cannot hear it too often,
ist to the story again, you have frequently heard it recited,
:earken, for this is the first time you've heard the hexameter version.

J. H. MCNULTY.

KETTLE, NOT CUTTLE

"The luckiest woman I ever knew on the turf backed Captain
uttle to win a lot of money in the Derby because, as she told me, the
ame reminded her of her favourite character in fiction. It was no
rthly use me assuring her that Cutcliffe-Hynes' dare-devil of a skipper
as called Kettle—not Cuttle. She would not have it. Now, if I
ad made that silly error. . . ."—From "Horses, Jockeys, and Crooks,"
y A. J. Sarl. (Hutchinson).

DICKENS PILGRIMS

By MARY BRYAN*

THIS Conference is something in the nature of a pilgrimage, a many of us here are realising a long cherished wish.

Here we meet, a company of pilgrims who have come to bear witne to our desire to emulate and live up to those high ideals which Charl Dickens left for us.

Oddly enough this is the year of the great Pilgrimage to Mecc when the Holy Carpet makes its long journey and all good Mohar medans make pilgrimage to the shrine of their Great Prophet.

Thus do men of another race honour a great prophet whose hi ideals, and the precepts he taught have become the base of the religion and have formed their creed.

We, too, honour a prophet, who not only left us high ideals b who had a very emphatic way of putting precept into practice a persuading others to do the same—a prophet marked by a personali so vital that it lives for all time, becoming an inspiration to men a women. Here we have no doleful pessimistic seer, seeing only the e to which man must come because he is thoroughly bad and wanto but a glad joyous bearer of the message telling to what heights achievement every human soul may rise. "To live in the hearts those we love is not to die!" Truly may this be said of Dicker So lives the spirit of this great man, so will it live despite the critic jibe, the cynics' snarl, or the pessimists' groan.

May his spirit of optimism, his good-natured toleration, and h confirmed belief in the ultimate triumph of good continue to inspi us his admirers to carry on the work he left for us to do and enab us as a great Fellowship to leave behind us something vital that m of all time may know that this great writer was indeed a Prophet wh had honour in his own house.

THE ENGLISH INN†

WHO does not love to visit and read about the English Inn? Her at last, is the perfect book on the subject. Illustrated by no less tha 234 large photographs taken by the author himself, this is indicati of the thoroughness with which Mr. George Long has compiled th work. Dickens loved English Inns, and has immortalised many them. Naturally a chapter is devoted to "Some Dickens and Pickwi Inns," which is capitally done, although the statement "it is said th Dickens wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* in the "King's Head," Barna Castle, is not only incorrect, but a loose expression quite unworth of Mr. Long. But apart from the interest aroused by this Dicke chapter, "English Inns and Road Houses" is a book no Inn-lovi Dickensian can afford to neglect. There are many hours of delightf reflection in it, and many incentives to seek out hitherto unknow hostelries, of whose charms Mr. Long writes in so attractive a manne

* In her address at Portsmouth, as Chairman of the Conference.

† "English Inns and Road Houses," by George Long, with 234 photographs by t author, and a frontispiece in colour. T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 20s.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE AT PORTSMOUTH

PORTSMOUTH is very proud of being the birthplace of Charles Dickens—and justly so. But she is not content to rest with assive pride, and those who attended the Conference this year saw er active side.

Again and again the remark was made that the Conference had been ost affable, friendly, jolly, in short, in the true " Fellowship " spirit. or this cordial atmosphere we owe much to the Lord Mayor (Councillor . J. Spickernell) whose genial smile and ready wit proved him a friend nd a true host. We are further indebted to Captain Ladd's happy nd helpful personality, to Miss Bryan's cheerful chairmanship, and, bove all, to the untiring solicitude of Mr. Bertram Sutton.

On Friday evening, 14th May, we were received by the Lord Mayor nd his charming Lady Mayoress in Portsmouth's magnificent Guildhall, here we at once appreciated the city's expansive hospitality, although he Lord Mayor had to run away to receive others of the city's guests.

At our Business Meeting on Saturday morning matters moved so riskly under the Chairman's enthusiastic lead that she actually had he delegates crying enthusiastically " Aye " before a motion had een formally moved and seconded.

Here Mr. A. W. Edwards, in giving a report on the Dickens House, ppealed for help in carrying out the necessary internal repairs, and nmediately received promises of financial assistance from sixteen ranches.

On Saturday afternoon we paid a visit to H.M.S. " Victory," which as followed by a sail round the Fleet to gain ocular demonstration f the great advance in battleships during the past hundred and thirty ears from the picturesque " Victory " to the sinister submarine, the legant destroyer, the massive air-craft carriers, and the serviceable Hood " of to-day.

That evening was devoted to the Banquet at Kimbell's, and right vell we fared. Contrary to the usual custom, no songs separated he speeches, but their absence was not regretted for the speeches y their diversity provided a delightful entertainment.

As the Lord Mayor had again to leave to carry out other municipal luties, the toast of " The City of Portsmouth " was advanced to the ead of the list. This was proposed by Miss Mary Bryan in a speech vhich was a delightful mixture of serious history and bantering wit. The Lord Mayor replied in a witty vein showing becoming pride in is city, particularly as the birthplace of Dickens.

The Rev. W. P. D. MacMahon, with suitable dignity, paid tribute to he Immortal Memory of Dickens, and found that we are indebted to he critics for bringing out for us the true greatness of Dickens.

Mr. Cooper Sands, in a speech of poetic eloquence, proposed " The Dickens Fellowship," emphasising the aims of the founders, especially n helping to ameliorate existing social evils.

Mr. Rust, the Honorary Secretary, replied on behalf of the Fellowship, pointing out that he was but a tyro as Honorary Secretary, and he therefore called upon Mr. J. K. Thompson, who had been Honorary Secretary of the Philadelphia Branch for twenty-nine years, to supplement his reply. Mr. Thompson did so in a brief, but happily worded speech.

Sir Arthur Holbrooke had presided in a bright, youthful manner, which belied his eighty-seven years, and Mr. T. W. Hill wittily proposed the "Chairman," to which Sir Arthur, with merry brevity, replied.

On Sunday morning most of the delegates visited the museum at Dickens's Birthplace, where Miss Bryan placed a wreath on behalf of the Fellowship.

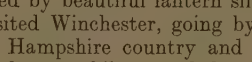
In the afternoon we were given a service in the Cathedral, when the Lord Bishop of Portsmouth showed himself to be not only a great classical scholar but also a real Dickensian. He appealed for a true memorial of Dickens to be put in this Cathedral of the city of his birth.

In the evening Captain Ladd gave us a lecture on the history of Portsmouth, illustrated by beautiful lantern slides.

On Monday we visited Winchester, going by motor coach through the delightful South Hampshire country and being shown over the Cathedral by one who has worthily earned the encomium of the "Ideal Guide."

That evening we finished with a reunion when, under the able stage management of Mr. J. Cooper Sands, delegates from various branches entertained us, and warm thanks were expressed to the Portsmouth Branch, and especially to Mr. Sutton, for the very happy time they had given us.

S. J. R.



"BALLOON" NIGHT AT MELBOURNE

Much interest was shown in a Balloon Debate organised by the Melbourne Branch in May last. The characters represented were Mrs. Gummidge, Miss Montflathers, Mrs. Gamp, The Infant Phenomenon, Miss Murdstone, Miss Miggs, Mrs. Wilfer and the Friendly Waiter. Each of these showed good reasons why he or she should not be thrown out from the balloon; nevertheless, after pleading how good a disciplinarian she had been, Miss Murdstone was unanimously voted the victim. At the April meeting Mr. William Tainsh gave a delightful paper on "Dickens and the Open Road," and Miss Godwin Smith drew a strong contrast between the education of Louisa Gradgrind and that of Dora Spenlow.

DICKENS STREETS

Renaming of some streets in Southwark—so redolent of Dickens's boyhood, has caused Union Square to become Dickens Square; Nelson Place, Peggotty Place; Orange Street, Copperfield Street; Rodney Street, Pickwick Street; Little Lant Street, Weller Street; and Falcon Street, Little Dorrit Court.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

VICTORIAN DRAMA

' But, in general, the pictures left by Dickens of the squalor and ydriness of most early Victorian theatres give the best impression the actual conditions under which the drama was produced.

' Its tastes were catholic, and in the course of the same evening could assimilate surprisingly varied dramatic fare. Especially is s noticeable at the minor theatres where, provided a popular vourite was billed to appear, it mattered little whether ' Hamlet ' ' The Flying Dutchman ' were presented . . . *Vide*, in this connection, ckens (*Sketches by Boz*, ch. xiii) : ' The stout Jewess, who has just tered, is the mother of the pale bony little girl, with the necklace blue glass beads, sitting by her ; she is being brought up to " the ofession." Pantomime is to be her line, and she is coming out to-ght in a hornpipe after the tragedy ' (Macbeth).

" In writing ' Caste ' Robertson was clearly influenced by the work Thackeray and Dickens . . . Old Eccles derives direct from ' The rlour Orator ' (*Sketches by Boz*, Characters, No. 5), Sam Gerridge alls Sam Wilkins (' Miss Evans and the Eagle '), while throughout e whole of the first act (' plain set chamber, paper soiled ; theatrical inted portraits framed, hanging about . . . ') we seem to be breathing e air of the Portsmouth theatre in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

" Equally tempting to the writers of an ill-paid and discouraging ofession were the novels of Dickens. It must be admitted that they lled forth, in their dramatised form, a new type of character acting hich was ultimately to influence the work of such playwrights as obertson, Tom Taylor, Albery, and H. J. Byron. It is impossible, owever, to concede as much importance to the Dickensian influence does S. J. Adair Fitzgerald, who considers that ' the majority of the orks for the stage in the middle part of the nineteenth century were ore or less dominated by his creations.' For the genius of Dickens as essentially that of the novelist. Works such as *The Pickwick apers* and *Nicholas Nickleby* were not suited to the stage. As T. E. mberton very rightly said when writing on Dickens and the drama : His brilliant pen was not directed to sparkling comedy dialogue— the imbroglio of rollicking farce— or to the conjuring up of soul-irring melodrama.' The hack dramatists, however, soon seized on ie novels of Dickens as fair spoil for the theatre."—" Early Victorian rama," by E. Reynolds. (Heffer.)

* * * * *

VERMONT

" During the year 1830 five steamboats were built for the upper onnecticut River traffic, but they all encountered such difficulties in eir runs that the enterprise collapsed. As late as 1842 there was ill one boat running above Hartford, the ' Massachusetts,' and no ss a reporter than Charles Dickens has left for us his impressions of . In his *American Notes* he writes :

" ' It certainly was not called a small steamboat without reason . . . ie whole forming a warm sandwich, about three feet thick.'

" In contrast to the fun which he poked at the little steamer on

the Connecticut, Charles Dickens, in the same year, 1842, wrote t
the Lake Champlain steamer, 'Burlington,' was one of the finest bo
in the world, 'a perfectly exquisite achievement of neatness, elegan
and order.'

"There are two other stories of Windham County which I m
mention. One is *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Everyone kn
that this mystery story was Charles Dickens's last work. He d
leaving the mystery unfinished. Dickens, a good friend of Wil
Collins, the mystery story writer, had felt challenged to try his o
hand at mystery, and *Edwin Drood* was his one attempt in that li
If you have read it or seen it in the movies you know it was go
but nobody knows how Dickens intended to finish it. Back in
early 70's there drifted into Brattleboro a tramp printer, T. P. Jam
Suddenly he retired to his boarding-house room on Oak Stre
announcing that he had been visited by the spirit of Dickens, wit
command to complete by means of Dickens's spirit pen the mystery
Drood. He did complete it, in an astonishing manner for a tra
printer, so well imitating Dickens's style and working out the plot
well that everyone was puzzled. Long after, Sir Arthur Conan Do
knight-errant in the land of spirits himself, took much notice of t
claim that James' writing was done through the spiritual dictation
Dickens. I have the *Drood* book on my shelves, and, I admit, it i
puzzle to me."—"Let me show you Vermont," by C. E. Cra
(Knopf.)

* * * * *

BRITAIN IN PROPHESY

"We think that we have clearly made out that 1845 ushered in
God-blessed era. Cheap food, high wages, more humane conditi
for the workers, no export duties, and few import duties. The popu
tion advanced by leaps and bounds. From 1836 to 1870 Char
Dickens poured forth a series of novels which accomplished what
Methodists ought to have done and had never even attempted to
How was it that the Fleet Prison, as Dickens found it, was still
existence one hundred years after Wesley's 'evangelical conversion
God will work by whom He will work, and if the right persons w
not accomplish their task a dandified Fleet Street journalist sh
do it for them. But after all we must remember that it was sev
years after the production of *Pickwick* that the Methodists passed t
humble and noble resolution noted above."—"Britain in Prophe
and History," by P. W. Thompson. (Covenant Publ. Co.)

* * * * *

AMERICAN SOCIAL HISTORY

"Knowing but too well the horrible conditions that attended t
coming of the Industrial Revolution in England, European observ
were amazed at the high type of girls found in the American m
and the general comfort of their life . . . Dickens spoke of the green pla
in the factory windows 'trained to shade the glass,' of how the factor
contained 'as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort as the natu
of the occupation would possibly admit of,' and how he could
'recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impressio

"In the State asylum at South Boston in 1842, if we are to belie
Charles Dickens's account of it, there existed conditions that for t
time must have been ideal."—"American Political and Social History
by H. U. Faulkner. (Crofts.)

SOCIAL VICTORIANISM

" Men were divided in their minds on the subject [of social reform] d their perplexity is reflected in the works of Charles Dickens: they re equally ready on the grounds of humanity to denounce all who t things alone, and on the grounds of liberty all who tried to make em better.

" . . . the less imagination there is in the recorder the greater will his usefulness. That is why a writer like Trollope is a more important irce than novelists of higher imaginative gifts such as Dickens and ackeray.

" If we take the three great novelists of the early Victorian era, ott, Thackeray, and Dickens, we find a considerable interest in igion. It may be noticed that all of them were a little unfair to onconformity and Evangelical Christianity in general. Scott could e romance ' in knights and fair ladies, tournaments, and wandering ots abroad,' but he did not fully comprehend it in the heroism of e Cameronian and Covenanter preachers whom he failed to under- and. Whilst Thackeray in ' The Newcomes ' and Dickens with his r. Stiggins created prejudice against such views.

" Somewhat similar to the Sunday Schools were the Ragged Schools. this enterprise Charles Dickens took a deep interest and often showed s sympathies with efforts made by the movement to instruct and ise the very poorest children." —" Religion in the Victorian Era," L. E. Elliott-Binns. (Lutterworth Press.)

* * * * *

PORTRAITS OF WOMEN

" Neither Thackeray nor Dickens was at his best in his portraiture women. That Becky Sharp should be the best remembered ' heroine ' the one, while his Amelia is a failure, and that Little Nell should be favourite character of the other, are facts only too significant."— Mystics and Poets," by W. T. Davison. (Epworth Press.)

* * * * *

"EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR"

" Lucie very much wanted to see Charles Dickens's production of en Jonson's ' Every Man in his Humour.' She knew how much ickens had set his heart on its being a success. He was not only taking e chief part of Bobadil, but with Forster he had worked day and ght as producer, carpenter, dress designer, property man, and rompter. All London society were buying tickets for the production St. James's Theatre. A short time before the big night there was n unfortunate contretemps with Thackeray. He had been hurt because s offer to sing between the acts was turned down, and he heard that orster had referred to him as ' false as hell.' Dickens was upset. e had felt that there was already enough talk about the rivalry etween himself and Thackeray as the greatest novelists of the day, nd he decided that there must be a reconciliation dinner at which hackeray and Forster should make it up. He asked Lucie as a mutual iend who was likely to help smooth matters over, and all went off uccessfully.

" Melbourne invited Lucie and Caroline to share his box for the erformance. Everything began very auspiciously, and the theatre as full of a brilliant social gathering. Lucie noticed, however, that

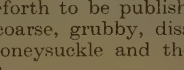
Melbourne was exceedingly restless all through the first act. At last he could bear it no longer, and during the interval he announced in a stentorian voice which could be heard all over the theatre: 'I knew this play would be dull, but that it should be so damnably dull as this I did not suppose."

"But no harm was done. Dickens and his friends felt that it was a great success, although Greville noticed that the audience was 'cold as ice,' and he himself decided to leave after the third act. 'A play 200 years old,' he said, 'a comedy of character only, without plot or story, or interest of any sort or kind, can hardly go down.'"—"Lucie Duff Gordon," by G. Waterfield. (Murray.)

* * * * *

SIR JOHN SQUIRE

"It is a strange thing that men who would not dream of frequenting the society of a known sharper would be miserable if they were told that the whole type of low race-train frequenters was to be obliterated to-morrow; they would feel rather as though one were told that Dickens's novels were henceforth to be published only in expurgated editions with all the bad, coarse, grubby, dissipated, and grotesque people left out."—"The Honeysuckle and the Bee" (page 72), by J. C. Squire. (Heinemann.)



ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL

RESTORATION OF THE NORMAN CLOISTER

A PROJECT to restore the Norman Cloister of Rochester has been launched by the Dean and Chapter and the Dean (Dr. Francis Underhill, Bishop-designate of Bath and Wells) has appealed to the Dickens Fellowship for a subscription towards the cost.

A sum of £4,000 is needed and of this sum £2,000 is assured. The Dean writes to the Council: "We have received further promises making a total of £1,500 . . . the last £500 must be raised before October . . . Many people are not even aware that Rochester possesses a Norman Cloister . . . I have received a donation from an ardent Dickensian who said that he felt sure all lovers of Dickens would be willing to help in this great work of restoration in Dickens's own Cathedral."

Rochester with its Cathedral is so prominent in Dickens's writings and was so beloved by him that any scheme for its preservation must make a strong appeal to all who revere his memory and endeavour to carry out one of the objects for which the Fellowship exists: "to assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings associated with his name and mentioned in his works."

The Council of the Fellowship feel sure that many members would like to join them in sending a handsome donation from the Fellowship as a body. They have therefore voted a sum of £5 5s. to head the list and invite members to send donations (however small) to the Hon. Treasurer, The Dickens House, 48 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1., marking the envelope "Rochester Fund." The total amount received will then be forwarded to the Dean in the name of The Dickens Fellowship.

Bis dat qui cito dat. T. W. H.

In the Library of Mr. Victor Ackroyd, for over 14 years Hon. Secretary of the Vancouver Branch. Mr. Clement May is the Charles Dickens

A DICKENS CENTENARY AT BROADSTAIRS

On Saturday, June 26th, Broadstairs held a pageant to commemorate Dickens's first visit to their little town one hundred years ago.

Members from Bromley, Rochester, Southend, Whitstable, and Headquarters lunched together with the Chairman of the local Council and other prominent citizens of Broadstairs.

Captain Miles Robson paid an eloquent tribute to Dickens in which he outlined the novelist's connection with the town. Mr. S. J. Rust, in replying for the Dickens Fellowship, urged that they should have a branch of the Fellowship in a town so full of Dickens associations and with so many who were proud of those associations.

Captain Robson conducted the visitors on a tour to Fort House (now "Bleak House"), Betsy Trotwood's cottage and many other houses which recalled Dickens's visits.

After tea there was a dramatic presentation of *Pickwick*, wrong in detail but right in spirit, with Rachael Wardle, Sam Weller, and Alfred Jingle, whom we all admired.

Certainly the thanks of all were due to Captain Robson and the ladies who did so much to make a brief visit so enjoyable.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM.
Sept. 11—Coach-drive to Crockham Hill and Westerham.
24—Lecture "Dickens and his Works," by Mr. E. J. Fullwood.
Oct. 8—Lecture on *Oliver Twist*, by Miss E. M. Davies.
16—Ramble round Regent's Park, conducted by Mr. John Winbolt.
Nov. 6—Dramatic Performance arranged by Miss F. Jolly.
12—Lecture-Recital "The Women of Dickens," by Miss M. Johnson, L.G.S.M.

BLACKBURN.
Oct. 8—Whist Drive.
19—Visit to Preston Branch
22—Lantern Lecture by Mr W. W. Gregson, "Humour from Dickens."
Nov. 2—Short Papers by Members.
19—Lecture by Mr Joseph Pomfret.
30—Lecture-Recital by Mr. Leo Mason, "Sketches from Boz."

BROMLEY.
Sept. 11—Annual Pilgrimage to Rochester.
Oct. 2—Opening Social Evening.
13—Introducing *Oliver Twist*.
Nov. 10—Readings from *Oliver Twist*.

EDGWARE.
Oct. 1—Lecture by Miss Mary Bryan, "Ghosts and Ghostly Stories from Dickens."
Nov. 5—Recital by Mr. Frank S. Johnson, "Dr. Marigold."

EDINBURGH.
Oct. 21—Lecture by Mr. Tom Curr (Cartoonist), "The Art of Advertising."
Nov. 4—Lecture "Lady Nairn and her Songs," with musical illustrations, by Mr. John Miller.
18—Resumé of *Oliver Twist*, by Mr. W. A. Adams Cairns.

HACKNEY.
Oct. 6—A Dickens Recital and Songs, by Mr. J. C. Robinson and Mrs. Barber.
Nov. 22—Debate, "Widows *versus* Spinsters." Mrs. Major and Mrs. Bacon.

NEW YORK.
Oct. 15—Addresses by Mr. Frank Harvey Field (President) and Dramatic Reading on "Bumble," by Miss Grace Sammis Reed.
Nov. 19—"Sociological Problems Advanced by Dickens," by Dr. M. Edmund Speare.

PRESTON.
Sept. 30—Whist Drive.
Oct. 5—Opening Meeting, address by the President.
14—Lecture by Mr. Walter Dexter, "A Year in the Life of Dickens."
15—Visit to Lancaster Branch.
19—Visit from Blackburn Branch.
Nov. 2—Lecture by Mr. Joseph Pomfret, F.L.A., "Dickens."
16—Lecture by Canon Wallis.

ROCHESTER.
Oct. 14—Lecture by the Very Revd. the Dean of Rochester, "Rochester and *Great Expectations*."
20—Whist Drive in aid of Tiny Tim Fund.
Nov 18—Annual Meeting followed by Dickensian music with performers in character
24—Whist Drive in aid of Cot Fund.

TORONTO.
Oct. 14—Opening Address by the President.
Nov. 5—To be arranged.
19-20—Annual Dramatic production *Nicholas Nickleby*.
Dec. 9—Dramatic Performance of *A Christmas Carol*.

VANCOUVER.
Sept 23—Paper on *Nicholas Nickleby* by Judge F. W. Howay.
Oct. 28 Papers by Members.
Nov. 25—Address by Rev. W Constable.
Dec. 15—Production of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

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W. W. G.

ACTIVITY IN MONTREAL

HE Montreal Branch opens its season on October 26th with an address the Venerable Archdeacon Gower-Rees on the book for the year, *liver Twist.*

Monthly lectures by well-known people are being arranged, and ays in miniature from Dickens will be presented at each meeting. uring the season a full-length play from *Oliver Twist* will be staged. The usual "Tiny Tim Night" will take place at the December eeting, when gifts will be received for under-privileged children.

The Bridge party has always been a success, and it is proposed to ntinue it. Preparations are also in hand for the Dickens Birthday inner, and outstanding speakers are being procured.

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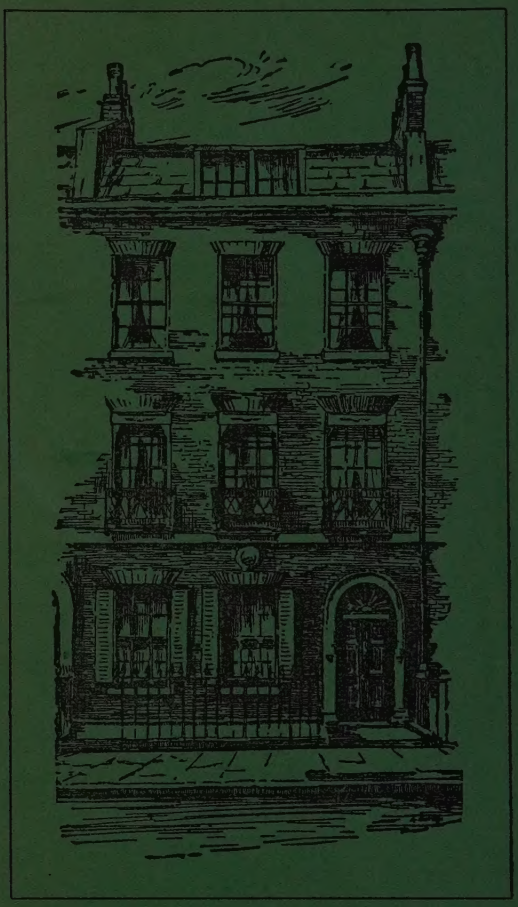

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